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JEFFERSON, MAINE
CENTENNIAL
1907

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PRESENTED BY

Centennial Celebration

OF THE

TOWN OF JEFFERSON

Lincoln County, Maine, U.S.A.

August 21, 1907

Compiled by ALBERTO A. BENNETT
Chairman of the Printing Committee

Journal Printing Company
Lewiston, Maine
1908

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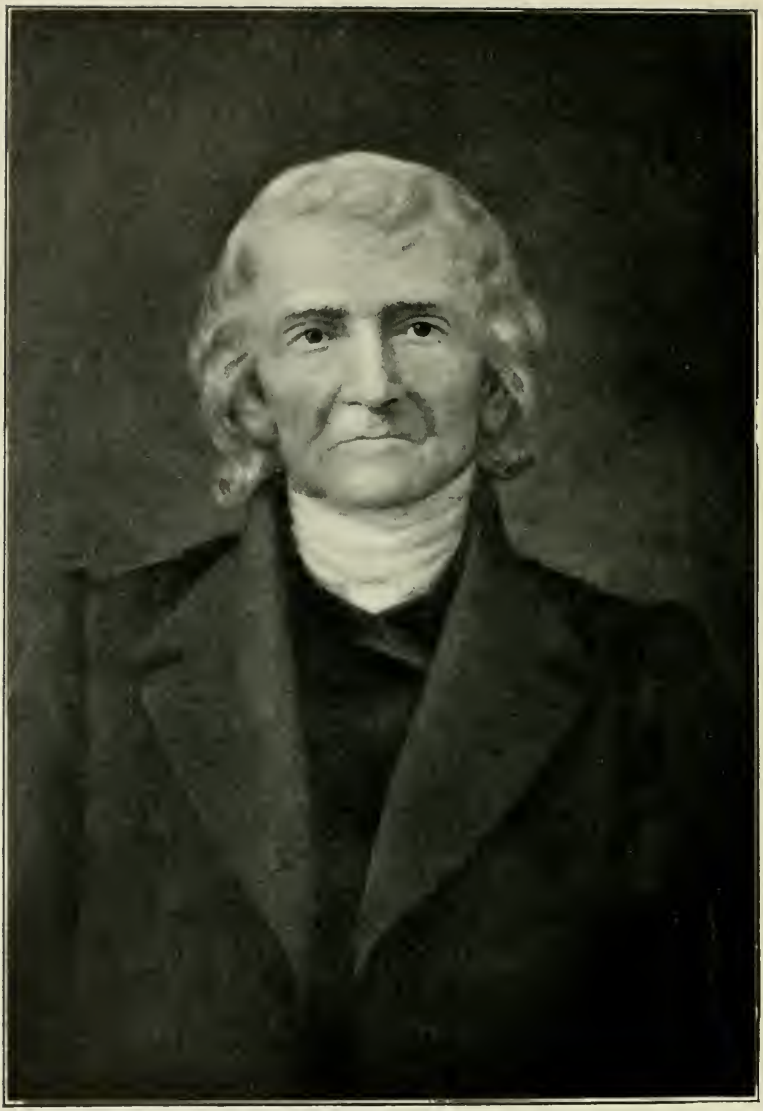
Journal Printing Co.

Gift
24 Ag '08



REV. ISAAC CASE, ONE OF THE PIONEER PREACHERS

JEFFERSON, MAINE

Incorporated February 24, 1807

INTRODUCTION

As the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Jefferson drew near, it was proposed to celebrate that event in a manner worthy of the town, and to erect a monument to the memory of the first settlers, who came into the wilderness here, and began the work of it a habitable community. This project was approved at the neeting, a suitable appropriation was voted, which was subseenlarged by generous gifts from individuals, and an executive ee was appointed consisting of Dr. F. W. Jackson, Leslie Boyn- S. A. Richardson, to have charge of the general arrangements celebration. As the summer advanced, the people prepared to in the guests who came to enjoy the occasion.

DRAWING THE BOULDER

A large, well-shaped boulder was found on the shore of the Damariscotta Lake, at the mouth of the John Long brook, on the farm now owned by the Myrick L. Weeks heirs. This rock was suitable to receive a tablet as a memorial to the early settlers. An immense stone-drag for drawing this boulder was made by George Hollowell and Levander Hollowell. On this drag the boulder was loaded by A. J. Ames, W. A. Jackson, H. A. Jackson, M. I. Johnson, G. F. Weeks, and Joseph Cargill, by the use of suitable apparatus. On the forenoon of August 12, the men came together with twenty-two yoke of oxen, to form a team for drawing this boulder, which by stone measure weighed twenty tons.

This team of oxen was formed and driven under the direction of George F. Weeks, as follows:

George Weeks	2 yoke	Edwin Cooper	1 yoke
Albert Avery	1 "	Albert Hall	1 "
Willis Hollowell (Town Oxen)	1 "	Arthur Flagg	1 "
Wilber Tibbetts	1 "	Edgar Bond	1 "
Amos Fish	2 "	Lervey Castle	1 "
George Peaslee	1 "	William Eugley	1 "
Everett Weeks (Town Oxen)	1 "	Charles Weeks (Town Oxen)	1 "
Newell Hussey	1 "	Henry Cunningham	1 "
John Ames	1 "	Harry Dow	1 "
Forest Flagg	2 "		

The boulder was drawn to the ground in front of the Baptist church, where it was placed on a strong foundation made of a granite slab contributed by Briggs Jones, set in cement, and was prepared to receive the tablet.

THE TABLET

This bronze tablet was cast and inscribed by the Bay State Brass Foundry of South Boston, Mass., twenty-four by thirty-two inches. The following twelve names were inscribed, which were the first settlers, as near as the committee were able to ascertain, in the order in which they came into the town.

Johnathan Ames
Joshua Linscott
John Weeks
Samuel Jackson
Joseph Jackson
Thomas Kennedy
John Boynton
Robert Clary
Moses Noyes
Thomas Trask
John Murphy
John Johnson

THE CELEBRATION

The day set for the celebration was Wednesday, August 21st. The place was the grounds of the First Baptist Church. A speakers' stand and a band stand had been erected among the trees in front of the church, and seats prepared for the audience. Many of the houses and public buildings were prettily decorated, and flags were flung from every convenient place. Former residents returned to their old homes, and invited guests accepted the hospitality of ample hearthstones.

On the Sunday morning preceding, a Centennial Sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. Alberto A. Bennett, to a large audience in the church. The day of the celebration was ushered in by the ringing of all the three church bells in town at sunrise, each bell striking one hundred times. At noon twenty-one strokes were given, and at sunset one hundred again.

THE PARADE

The first event of the day was the parade, which formed at the village, proceeded past the church, and was reviewed by a crowd of people with evident pleasure and satisfaction. First came the mounted marshal and aids, Anson P. Jackson, Frank C. Richardson and Araldo

Bond. Then came the Waterville Band which furnished the music for the day. After this came the floats representing the public institutions and industries of the town, as follows: The William C. Hall Post, G. A. R., with a company of veterans; the Sunday school with a class of children singing their songs; Willow Grange, representing an old time kitchen with its various industries, spinning, weaving, knitting, churning, shelling corn, etc. The millinery business of Mrs. A. A. Skinner appeared in a handsomely decorated float. Blacksmithing by L. J. Kennedy, the saw mill business by J. Y. Meserve, and stone cutting by Briggs Jones, each presented a scene in their actual work. S. H. Bond and son, Forest H. Bond, represented their business, stoves and hardware; Sylvester Brothers, groceries; F. O. Meserve, cooperage; George A. Hoffses, groceries; Frank E. Linnekin, carriages and harnesses; H. W. Weeks, cream separators. W. B. Tibbetts had a load of farming and dairy products, George W. Tobey showed the wall paper business, and Warren Peaslee exhibited his kennels of choice dogs.

The South Jefferson Band led the second half of the parade, and furnished music for the evening.

Scattered along the order of the parade, there were various historic and humorous representations. An old fashioned, two-wheeled, covered top chaise carried a couple on their journey. Louis Galloupe led a trained steer toting a quantity of baggage, representing an old time prospector. A. W. Hall rode on horseback, representing in dress and appearance a colonial Indian Chief. An old empty hayrack had a driver representing a darky. There were two representations of Uncle Sam, one rode in the float with the veterans, the other was leading the South Jefferson Band. A clown in the customary habiliments drove a worn out horse on an old time doctor's gig. And also there were a load of Colored Gentry, a load of old time Immigrants, and a load of old fashioned Husking Bee Merrymakers.

After passing the church the procession returned and dispersed.

THE GATHERING

The people gathered at the church for the exercises of the day. The weather was not as propitious as many had hoped. Indeed for a while it seriously threatened to rain, but after a little the clouds withheld their store, and the day was passed with comfort and pleasantness.

On the speakers' stand there was ample room, not only for those who took part in the exercises, but also for the Veterans of the Civil War, and for all the old people of the community. Among this latter number was John Meservey, who remembered seeing many of the early settlers in his boyhood days. The speakers' stand was handsomely decorated and covered with canvas, and the table was piled with a bank of water lilies. The large audience listened with the closest attention. Dr. F. W. Jackson, chairman of the executive committee, presided, and with a few well-chosen words presented the speakers of the day.

The following is the programme of exercises as given during the day:

PROGRAMME

FORENOON

Music, The Waterville Band
Prayer, Rev. John Pettengill
Remarks by the Chairman.
Singing by the Audience, Ode written by Mrs. F. W. Jackson
Address of Welcome, Rev. C. C. Tilley, of Mattapan, Mass.
Unveiling of the Monument.
Address, Hon. Chas. E. Littlefield, of Rockland
Singing by the Audience, "Star Spangled Banner," led by
Mrs. Matilda Trask Boynton

AFTERNOON

Music.
Map of the Town, George E. Linscott
Singing, Mrs. Matilda Trask Boynton
Historical Address, W. G. Bond, M.D., of Revere, Mass.
Singing, South Jefferson Quartet
Poem, written by Miss Winifred B. Ladd,
Read by Miss Ridgway from the State of Georgia
Singing, South Jefferson Quartet
Address, Prof. L. C. Bateman, of Lewiston
Singing, Mrs. Matilda Trask Boynton
Oration, Rev. Nelson S. Burbank, Ph.D., of Revere, Mass.
Singing by the Audience, "Auld Lang Syne."
Benediction, Rev. A. A. Bennett

UNVEILING THE MONUMENT

Gov. Wm. T. Cobb was to have unveiled the monument, but was unable to be present. Congressman Littlefield offered a few remarks in his behalf, and carried through the ceremony of the unveiling. All the young children who were descendants of those whose names appeared on the tablet, were invited to stand near the monument when it was unveiled. The great boulder and tablet were covered with an immense flag. At the proper signal this flag was drawn up to an overhanging line, where it floated during the rest of the day.

THE EVENING FIREWORKS

The people met many old neighbors and friends and renewed old acquaintances, and those returning from their absence, enjoyed again the ties and friendships of their old home, and revived the memories of former years. Everything passed off pleasantly, making it a day of pleasure and fellowship.

THE CELEBRATION

After the darkness had fallen, the day was brought to a worthy close by a brilliant display of fireworks, given on the hill back of M. A. Nash's house, during which the South Jefferson Band discoursed abundant music. To those who were privileged to be present, this celebration was a day long to be remembered.

REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN

DR. F. W. JACKSON

From "the far flung, fenceless prairie," from our unsalted seas on the north, to the sun-kissed waters of the southland, from our eastern littoral where the blue waves of old ocean roll in upon the shining sands, the glad home welcome is wafted on the breezes, over hamlet and village and town, over river and lake, over valley and plain and plateau and mountain top, till its reverberations are lost in the placid waters of the peaceful Pacific. Happy the day, consecrated the place, and joyous I hope will be the occasion. I am proud of my native town, proud of her pine clad hills, her fertile valleys, her spreading maples, her tapering fir trees and gigantic oaks, her crystal lakes, her limped streams and her silent rivers. Jefferson welcomes her sons and her daughters to their native land today. Her latch string is out, her altar fires burn brightly, for she welcomes you all to her hearthstones and her heart.

ODE

Written by Mrs. F. W. Jackson, sung by the Audience

1807 **1907**

JEFFERSON

Air: "America"

Dear Mother-land today,
We pause on life's highway,
  Where'er we roam.
Tho' far o'er plain and sea,
Still our hearts turn to thee,
And time recalls once more
  Our earlier home.

On childhood's days we dwell;
On friends we loved so well,
  In by-gone years.
Has all our after life
Midst the world's storm and strife,
Brought greater happiness
  Or fewer tears?

Fair town, we honor give,
Thy memories ever live
  Deep in our heart.
May thee thro' coming years
Laden with hopes and fears
In this great universe
  Fulfill thy part.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

The Chairman:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have now the pleasure of presenting to you, one who needs no introduction, the Rev. C. C. Tilley, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Mattapan, Mass., who will welcome you all to your native town.

Mr. Tilley:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens of Jefferson, Former Citizens, and Friends:—I think any one knowing the hospitality of the town of Jefferson would think it useless to say that you are welcome, and I want to say in a few words that you are *well come.*

It does seem a little strange that I should give the formal words of welcome. I have not been in the town for nineteen years. But I understand the situation: I am not to welcome you to the present, but to the past. For that I feel abundantly able. In the first place, I have that native ability because of my antique manner. When I was a student in college one of my friends said I appeared as if I ought to say, "I have come down from a former generation." But not only that, I belong to your past history—to that as nearly as to any history. Of the poet Homer it was said that:

> "Seven cities claimed him dead
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

I am not a citizen of Jefferson, and never was. I was not born here. My name was never on the voting list. In fact, I have no citizenship on earth because I never lived long enough continuously in any one place to gain a pauper residence. My claim, therefore, to belong to your past history rests upon another basis. I was not born here, but I was born again here—in that old church, when its life touched my life, the Holy Spirit working through it, and it saved me and sent me into the ministry. Because of what this town did for me in my early days I am profoundly grateful.

You have a goodly heritage. This town, perhaps not wealthy in the world's wealth, has given you an inheritance that cannot be counted, for in its intellectual, moral and spiritual character Jefferson has excelled. I remember the time when it was full of boys and girls who could go anywhere and teach acceptably. A high moral atmosphere has been given to the whole community by this church, which was founded by William Allen and moulded by the life of William Tilley, who gave to it nearly thirty years of his life, and who, while he was absent twice during that time, never left the hearts of the people till he left to go up higher.

Early in the century the people were interested in moral reform. To be sure, they were cursed with the dram shop in those early days, and things occurred that would be impossible in this day with the Maine Law. Because I appreciate what the Maine Law has done for my native State, I spent a week of my valuable time last fall in order to secure its perpetuation, speaking every night and twice on the Sabbath.

I belong to the greatest city of Maine—not *in* Maine, but *of* Maine. In Greater Boston we have 50,000 Maine people. I am speaking for them as I speak to you today. Once in awhile there is a man who has

strayed from his early teaching and who speaks against Maine and the Maine Law. I always think he is wearing the wrong kind of a hat.

One of our Lewiston mill agents was in Boston one day and took dinner at the Quincy House. As he went out he took the last hat, supposing it to be his own. When he came to look in it, he saw there the picture of a great owl, and underneath it were the words:

"When I am full, take me to the Quincy House."

We would not expect a man owning such a hat as that to speak in favor of the Maine Law.

We welcome you today, and the committee wants you to make this day a memorable one in your history. Says the poet Young:

> "We take note of time but from its loss;
> To give it then a tongue is wise in man.
> As if an angel spoke, I hear the solemn sound."

This is an occasion to be remembered long after we have passed away. We welcome you today to the old, strong, true character that has done so much for the town in the past. It may be that some of you have wandered from the paths that were laid down for you in early life. It may be that you are saying, "I am tired of these narrow ways."

There was a true sense in which the fathers were narrow. They saw one course, and they pursued it to the end. We ask you to cling to the narrow life in principle, to the old and the true. But from the high position that you have attained through the labors of the fathers a responsibility comes to you in the true sense to broaden your lives—not to broaden the principles, but to broaden their application. But however much you may have departed from the teachings of the fathers, I welcome you today and invite you to return to a closer fellowship with them.

On the castle walls the harp hung unstrung, covered with dust. It gave no music. A stranger came one day, took down the neglected instrument, brushed off the dust and tuned it. The old castle rang with the songs and melodies of the olden times. Our hearts go out to you today that they may resound with the old music, that the chords that were broken may vibrate once more, and that from this day you shall be devoted to the enlargement of the same work which the fathers began. If they can see us today, they would say:

"On! Let no man take thy crown! Finish the work that we began!"

And then, at its consummation:

> "Ring, bells, in unreared steeples,
> The joy of unborn peoples!
> Sound, trumpets, far off blown,
> Your triumph is our own!"

If you are true to the principles of the fathers, you will be able to say at the end:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Then shall this be your reward:

"Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MR. LITTLEFIELD'S ADDRESS

The Chairman:

Fellow Citizens:—It is my delightful duty today, not to introduce, but to present, our Congressman from the Second Congressional District, who does represent that district and his constituents. He stands for the square deal, and he deals it. I have the pleasure to present to you, Mr. Littlefield, of Rockland.

Mr. Littlefield:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow Citizens:—I have just assisted, by standing one side and observing, in the unveiling of the monument erected by the people of this town and dedicated today to the memory of the original settlers thereof. On account of the unavoidable absence of Governor Cobb you are not having the privilege of listening to the representative of the State in this part of the exercises upon this interesting occasion, and the committee has requested me to say just a word that I think the Governor might say, if he happened to be here, in addition to the few words that I will say on my own account.

It is quite fitting that the Governor of the State should be invited to unveil this monument and rededicate the town to the memory of the men who founded this municipality, because, in 1807, by virtue of the authority of the law, by virtue of an act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, this town was incorporated as a legal entity, and it is therefore quite fitting that the representative of that authority should, on this occasion, at the expiration of a hundred years, participate in rededicating this municipality to the memory of those men; to re-establish it, in order that it may last not only one hundred years, to exercise its functions and discharge its responsibilities, but that for all time to come, with the authority and under the jurisdiction of the State, this town of Jefferson may be, as it is and always has been, a worthy representative of one of the most distinguished names in all American history—the man for whom it was named, I suppose, Thomas Jefferson.

Now while I doubt very much if the Governor would have made as good a speech as that, that is about what the Governor would have said if he had been here.

I have been requested by the committee to say something about "The Past, Present and Future of Our Common Country." Before I do that I want to congratulate this audience on being gathered together in a part of the finest country that the world ever saw, and were it not for the lowering clouds and the threatening weather, I should also be able to say that we are enjoying today the most delightful climate and weather that the world has ever seen. If you were not here in person, I should go further and say that you are the representatives of the finest body of people that the world has ever seen. But inasmuch as you are here I should not like to be thought fulsome in undertaking to compliment you upon this occasion. Perhaps I may say, however, just one word, and that is that the records do show that from the people of New England there have sprung, during the last fifty and one hundred years, more able and distinguished men than can be gathered together in any

other part of the civilized globe, and it is a matter of some pride that we are a small part of that great civilization.

In order to direct your attention to "The Past, Present and Future of our Country," which I take it may be perhaps a very appropriate subject for discussion upon this Centennial occasion, suggesting comparisons of the present with the past, it may be necessary to refer to some facts and figures. I have had neither the time nor the opportunity to make what I call an elaborate or a painstaking preparation for an occasion like this, so that what I give you here today will be largely miscellaneous suggestions that occur to me upon the spur of the moment, aided by a few salient facts that I have gathered together as illustrating the present when compared with the past.

In view of the uncertain weather, I will say that the character of my speech is such that it can be brought to a conclusion in half a minute. In fact, it could be ended at any time without doing violence to the speech.

In 1807, as I have already suggested in the Governor's speech, which I delivered in a very short time, this town was incorporated. Twenty years before that, in 1787, the Constitution of the United States, the consummation of the Union, the gathering together of the thirteen colonies into the thirteen original, independent and combined States under one government, became the fundamental law of the land, so that this town, with the exception of twenty years, has the same age as does our common country, and a comparison of conditions then with conditions now will, of course, illustrate, to a certain extent, the improvement and progress of our country as a whole.

Then we started with thirteen States, largely lying along the Atlantic coast, and bordering upon the ocean, with small possessions, but with tremendous and magnificent opportunities. Now we have forty-five States, and when Oklahoma comes in, if she ever does, as I suppose she will when she gets established, we shall have forty-six great States. At that time we had a very small area. In addition we have today to our forty-five States, possessions in the northern part of the country which constitute an empire of themselves, that is Alaska. We have the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, we have Hawaii, we have Porto Rico, and we have the Philippine Islands, all of which are largely present in our minds for a variety of reasons and causes. Of course I cannot stop to discuss here whether the possession of these great outlying territories is wise or unwise. It is obvious that we have become a great international country, as distinct from a country located upon one continent.

Now I will give, as I go along, a few important facts that tend to show this tremendous growth. I suppose there is no other place on the face of the globe that has shown the degree of development, increase and prosperity, the utilization of vast natural resources and the development of people, as has been shown by our country during these one hundred and twenty years, and your period of one hundred years. The history of Greece and Rome, of Egypt, or of any ancient foreign country, cannot parallel in any degree the tremendous results that have followed the labors of our fathers in bringing about these magnificent conditions that now surround us.

One hundred years ago we had 325,000 square miles of territory. Today, including our States and territories and the land in our various

possessions, we have nearly 4,000,000 square miles of territory. Then we had about 4,000,000 people living in the thirteen States and in the out-lying territories. Today we have living in our forty-five States and in our territories, with the people in the island accessions, subject to the control and domination of the United States, something like 83,000,000 of people, a tremendous increase in the line of population.

But our growth has not been altogether in the line of increase of population. You know we have a distinguished man who suggests, and very properly, that we should not allow race suicide to deplete our people, which is entirely true. I call attention to this increase in population for the purpose of refreshing your recollection upon that point. Up to date we have not had any particular cause for alarm because of race suicide, though I suppose it is true that here in the town of Jefferson there are no families with the number of children to be found here in the old times. My father and mother had nine children. I have two. I don't know but what I think as much of my two as they did of the whole nine. We have not now, of course, the large families, but notwithstanding all that there has been a tremendous increase in the line of population.

Perhaps what is more material to many of us, there has been a vast increase in the accumulation of wealth. Our fathers possessed in 1790, so far as we can get an estimate—there are no statistics that definitely give these facts and figures, and it is largely a matter of conjecture and computation—they possessed about 1,619,000,000 of dollars, or, if it were divided among the people possessing that property, about $157 apiece. I do not know but it might have been distributed a little more evenly then than now, but it was not distributed evenly then. My reading has demonstrated to me that in those days there were a great many people who had no prospect of having any particular individual sum, and the reason then was the same reason that obtains now. The average man in any community, if he is industrious and thrifty and saving, can, without any difficulty, accumulate so that he can have a reasonable amount or proportion of the great aggregation of wealth. But the trouble is, in the first place, that we are not industrious, in the second place, that we are not thrifty, and, in the last place, that we are not saving.

In 1900 we had 94 billions of wealth. If that were distributed among the people, it would give each individual $1,235. That means that there is now in the accumulation of wealth estimated per capita, that is to each individual, about eight times as much wealth in the country as there was in 1790. Of course it is not necessary for me to enforce the proposition that this is not all equally distributed. I don't know that we all have our proportion of that sum. Some people have a good deal more than their proportion.

This accumulation of wealth gives an idea of the general condition existing now as compared with the past. Why is that? How does it happen that this vast accumulation of wealth has taken place, and largely within the last fifteen or twenty-five or thirty years?

It is rather complimentary to our people, and, in the first place, it is because of their energy, intelligence, capacity and industry, and, in the second place, it is because this country has had, and has now, vaster natural resources than any country of which we have knowledge. Our people have utilized those vast natural resources, but if I had the time

I could go on to show that in many instances they have been wasted, prodigally wasted. But, notwithstanding all that, they have been so great and so tremendous that we have been able to make this vast accumulation.

Perhaps I might more effectively illustrate this growth by giving a few more remarkable facts. The government at that time received from its collections for all purposes something like four and one-half millions of dollars from England. The expenditures amounted to two millions, showing a surplus in the treasury of two million dollars. In 1896 this Federal Government under which we live collected 594,000,000 of money in its various methods of taxation—the combined sum received from imports, from International Revenue taxation, and from all other sources from which the Federal Government derives its income—nearly two million dollars every time the sun rolled around in twenty-four hours. Today our expenditures are 556 millions of dollars, showing a surplus as compared with the receipts of something like thirty millions every year.

I suppose our relation to the rest of the world and a comparison of our wealth from that standpoint would be more clearly shown by calling attention to our relationship with other countries. We cannot raise in this country everything that we eat, drink and wear. We do raise the most of it, but we have to buy, and, on the other hand, we find it necessary to sell. Our fathers had to buy a great deal more than they had to sell. The result was, in 1790, when the country was young and its resources undeveloped, they were obliged to pay to foreign countries relatively much more every year than we do in our exchange of products.

Those who claim to know about political economy say that this was a very unfortunate condition of affairs. There is what is called by the political economists the "balance of trade," which may be explained in this way: When the exports of a country exceed the imports, the foreign debtors may send money for the balance of the indebtedness, and this is called the "balance of trade." The excess of exports over imports is said to create a favorable balance of trade, but when imports exceed exports, and money is sent abroad to pay for the excess, the balance of trade is said to be unfavorable. The impression prevails that when the balance of trade is in our favor that demonstrates our prosperity. When the balance of trade is against us, that demonstrates that we have difficulty in getting along. Now our fathers were infinitely worse situated in that respect than we are. By the way, they have been a long time dead, and of course they can make no complaint if we criticise them.

Our imports in 1790 were 2,794,000 more than our exports. That is to say, we were obliged to buy, to pay for, 2,794,000 dollars' worth of goods from abroad more than we were able to sell to them, which involved a drain upon the country. Our fathers could very illy stand it. It was more than the full amount paid for running the Federal Government during that period for its ordinary expenses.

In 1906 the conditions were such that we sold to foreign countries $517,148,233 more than we bought of them. Now that means that the money of the world, which is gold, the great standard and medium of exchange, upon which our financial policy, by common consent, without

THE PARADE

reference now to principles of any political party, is based, and which is conceded to be the great fundamental standard of value—that simply means that that vast volume of money comes into this country at the rate of something like five hundred and a half millions every year, enriching the country by that very amount, and illustrating in a very large degree why it is that this country, that this people, with these opportunities, has been able to accomplish these tremendous and unparalleled results.

Of course that might raise, and does raise, a very interesting political question as to the why and wherefore. But this is not the time, nor is it the occasion, to engage in anything like a political discussion, or in anything that is sectarian or religious, for we all meet here today upon one common level. It matters not who we are, where we came from, what religion we profess, or whether we do not profess any, because we are all here on the same common level, as free born American citizens. I may stop here and say that the chief glory of this country is that it is not only the land of the free and the home of the brave, but that it is the land of free thought and free speech. Now what does that mean? That simply means that every man and every woman, every boy and every girl, has the God-given, constitutional right to think as he likes, and speak as he likes, on any question, political, financial or religious, subject only that he does not violate the rights of his fellows and transgress the law. That is free thought and free speech.

That there are a great many people I am aware who say that free thought means that you must think as I think, and free speech means that you must speak as I speak, otherwise you are heterodox and not orthodox. Those are theological terms, but the real orthodoxy is in every man thinking as he likes and speaking as he likes, with no one to molest or make him afraid. And that is worth a mighty sight more than the increase in population or the immense aggregation of wealth.

I should like to mention now one potent illustration of expenditures. Before I do that let me say that these facts and figures I am giving to you as I go along were largely gathered by me from the census taken by the Federal Government in its regular ten year, decennial, periods, and I would like to give them here as a matter of curiosity and interest. The original volume that contains the census of the American people in 1790 is a very small affair. The volumes that contain the census of this people in 1900 I think number something like sixty, and they have anywhere from six to eight hundred pages in a volume. A horse, unless a good strong one, could hardly convey them in this procession up and down this street.

Perhaps I ought to stop here to say as a matter of compliment to the gentleman arranging this procession that it does him credit to be able to present upon this occasion so delightful a parade, so well managed, as the procession we have seen today. I have seen a great many in my time—I do not want you to think by that that I know all about it—but I have seen a great many processions of this kind, and I have never seen in a place of this size as pretty a procession, so admirable in all its features, as your procession here today.

I will now call your attention to this matter of the census. The volume now on file in the Library of Congress that contains the census

for 1790 is six or eight inches in size, and contains about from seventy-five to one hundred pages. It is about as large as a Noah Webster's spelling book or an ordinary primer that we use in the primary schools.

Here is a salient fact. In 1791, which of course was after the close of the war of the Revolution—the most gigantic war in which this country was ever engaged, yet by no means the largest—we then paid about 175,000 dollars a year in pensions. Today we pay in pensions $141,000,000 a year, thirty-four times as much as the total receipts from all sources of the government when our fathers founded it in 1790, and the republic has paid to the men who imperilled their lives, and to their descendants, in all the vast sum of over 3,000,000,000 of dollars during this one hundred and twenty years—more than the total debt caused by the vast war of the Rebellion, which war saddled the country with a greater debt than any war within modern times has involved upon the countries that were engaged therein—vastly greater than this war between Russia and Japan, although they had gone so far when they got around to the consideration of peace that it was only a question of a short time as to which could hold out the longest, because both had reached the limit of their money, and neither of them could continue without the support of Christendom from a financial standpoint. That was one of the great reasons that enabled President Roosevelt to be successful in terminating that war by a treaty of peace between those two great nations.

The dissemination of knowledge and information is one of the first duties incumbent upon an organization that has to do with the people, and it promotes the prosperity of the people more directly than in any other expenditure of money. In the Post Office Department in 1871 we expended $4.62 per capita in the distribution of the mail, in order that the people might have information. In 1905 we expended $12.05—three times as much as in 1871, and it is a matter of some gratification and satisfaction to us as American citizens to know that while wealth has been accumulating, while the people have been increasing in this matter so essential to their prosperity and welfare, the government has constantly increased its expenditures in the distribution of the mails, so that this government expends today more than any other country with a like number of people, because we have to transport the mails thousands and thousands of miles upon land and water. There is no other country with the population of this that shows it distributed over the same amount of territory.

The introduction of the Rural Free Delivery during the last ten or fifteen years has given the greatest boon to our agricultural population that they have received at the hands of the government for years. With the benefits of the Rural Free Delivery may be mentioned the telephone, which has now so generally penetrated to the country towns. Every man now insists on having a telephone, not only that he may communicate with others, but that he may hear others when they communicate with others.

In 1800 five dollars apiece was found sufficient to transact the business of this country. In 1905, instead of five dollars per capita, we had $31.08 in circulation of coin. In addition to that it should be borne in mind that the amount of money in circulation bears relatively a very small percentage to the total amount of business done, because the people

in these days do a great amount of their business by checks and drafts, which makes it unnecessary to pass money from hand to hand. While this amount of money in circulation is no index to the vast amount of business transacted, we may be sure that it is vaster than it was in 1800.

Here is another important feature that is a direct contribution to the prosperity and industry of our people: In 1800 there was no such thing as a savings bank. There were no trust companies, no national banks with savings deposits. In 1905 there were in the savings banks in this country three billions of money. I may say here that the State of Maine in many respects stands ahead in the amount of its savings, the number of its banks, the number of its people having deposits therein, and the character of its deposits. It speaks volumes for the thrift, the energy, the industry, and, what is more, vastly more important than all else, the sobriety of the people of the State of Maine—no matter what my views may be upon the question of temperance and the Maine law. I may go farther and say that the record of Maine banks shows that in the last ten years the increase in savings has come largely from the farmers, the agricultural element of our population, showing that they have exercised thrift, and have not only been able to maintain themselves and their wives and children, but have been able to accumulate for a rainy day.

I want to call your attention now to one of the indispensable factors in all of this great development that has taken place: In 1832 we had 229 miles of railroad. In 1906 we had 230,000 miles of railroad. There are millions of acres, and millions upon millions of investments in this country that today would not be worth the paper upon which their stocks are printed were it not for the fact that they have speedy and cheap transportation over the railroads throughout the country. The great transcontinental lines that tie together the Atlantic and the Pacific give a long haul at a low rate, which seems absolutely indispensable to the development of the vast natural resources of our country.

We have right here in the State of Maine two extraordinary examples of what the railroads have made possible. They may not present so impressive a proposition to you people here in this rural community, where you are not dependent for your prosperity upon the manufacturing industries and the transportation abroad of the things that you raise. We have two extraordinary illustrations of the fact that without speedy and economical and cheap railroad transportation there would be no development. One of them is in my district, and is the town known as Rumford Falls. Fifteen years ago, where there are now eight or nine thousand people, one or two farmers lived and endeavored to till so much soil as there was—it was largely rocks. Today there is an undeveloped water power there of something like thirteen thousand horse power, and a developed water power of something like seventeen thousand horse power. It is a most thriving, prosperous, and industrious community, and will favorably compare in the rapidity of its growth with any place in New York or the Middle West. That town was built and this remarkable growth is due to the fact that a railroad was constructed to carry in the raw material and at the same time carry out the manufactured product. Without the railroad such a phenomenal advancement as has there been made would not have been possible, and it would have been but a haunt for wild beasts and a habitation for owls.

Millinocket is another case in point, although not so striking an illustration, because I think there we have only four or five thousand people, but it represents the investment of millions of money. In 1899 it was only a log camp and a farm house in the woods, and in this short time, through the operations of the Great Northern Paper Company, which turns out the largest amount of paper of any mill in the world, Millinocket has become what it is today.

I merely call attention to the fact that without these great facilities for transportation the vast undeveloped resources of this country would be unutilized, and that the railroads are not only indispensable to our peace and comfort but to our industrial and business existence.

I live in a town where I help pay taxes part of the time at the rate of three per cent. per annum in order that we may have the Knox & Lincoln Railroad, and it takes five or six hundred thousand dollars right out of the pockets of its tax payers for the purpose of having an opening to the world. It has cost us a good deal of money to get it, but we need it because Rockland would hardly be on the map if we could not be reached with rapid transportation.

Behind the railroads there lies a great fundamental, natural force that has been largely responsible and is largely entitled to the credit of this great expansion, and that is steam. Within the last fifty years—I think it was in 1832 that it was first applied to railroads, and in 1840 first applied to steamships to any extent—we have had the application of steam to human effort and endeavor. A great English writer says that it is an equivalent in co-operative power to 250 men.

There is another great force which is undoubtedly responsible for and entitled to the credit of this phenomenal development, and that is electricity. In a great many instances there would be no electricity without the gigantic power of steam. In the last ten years by the means of transmitting the electric current a long distance it has been possible to combine the water power of a whole river and transport it to one particular place, and there use it in industries of various kinds. That is one reason why the State of Maine is likely to have an industrial future because we can aggregate the water power of a whole river by concentrating it by means of an electric wire.

Now I want to say a word about the future: I do not see how it is possible through the next fifty or one hundred years to see anything like the industrial or financial development that this country has seen during the last fifty years. We have the telephone and the telegraph of electricity, we have the railroads, we have steam, we have transportation through the air by means of the flying machine. I don't see how it is possible in time to come to duplicate those magnificent inventions.

I think I may say for the future, if we transmit to our children the same elements of industry, of probity, of sobriety and intelligence that were transmitted to us by our fathers, if we maintain our system of education, disseminating useful and valuable knowledge everywhere, that we can expect to see a continuation of the development that has been going on, but we cannot expect to see a duplication of the last fifty years. Those of us who have lived during the last fifty years feel that the achievements of our day can hardly be duplicated in the future.

It rests upon us as patriotic American citizens to live up to and

abide by the laws of the United States and the teachings of the fathers. If we do, with these changes, these opportunities and these resources, this country will always endure, and will be, as it now is and always has been, the land of the free and the home of the brave, containing homes where the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of the long ago are now necessities, and the standard of living, the clothes we wear, the food we eat, the things we drink, has reached a higher and finer degree of development in the ministering to the comfort of human kind than has ever before been seen anywhere in any land that the sun shines on.

Hoping now that we may be able in our weak and feeble way, as simple factors in this great development, to contribute our share, I thank you most heartily for your very kind attention under these very adverse circumstances.

THE HISTORICAL ADDRESS

The Chairman:

It is my pleasant duty to welcome to his native town for this auspicious day, my brother of the healing art, than which there is no nobler profession, the honest, the able, the true, the trusted family physician, Dr. Willis G. Bond, of Revere, Mass., who will now deliver the Historical Address.

Dr. Bond:

FIRST SETTLERS IN MAINE

On Easter Sunday, March 31, 1605, George Weymouth sailed from the Downs, England, and on May 11 came in sight of the American coast near Cape Cod.

He sailed northwardly, after a few days, and on May 17, 1605, he anchored on the north side of a prominent island, which he named St. George, but now known as Monhegan.

The next day he found a harbor to the north "among the islands" and in range "with the mountains," and there came to anchor.

He also discovered St. George's river, visited Pemaquid, perhaps went farther west in the shallop which he made, and then, with five Indians which he captured, returned to England.

The glowing account of Weymouth's exploration of the coast, its spacious harbors, the abundance of fish and game, the noble trees, the luxuriant herbage and the balmy climate aroused general interest in England and doubtless had some influence upon the formation in the following year of the great stock companies.

April 10, 1606, King James I. of England granted two patents for purposes of colonization.

The company which was to take charge of the southern colony was composed of London gentlemen and because known as the London Company, while control of the northern branch was in the hands of men of Plymouth and therefore called the Plymouth Company.

The London Company was permitted to begin a settlement anywhere below 41 degrees north latitude.

Their first settlement was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, whose ter-centennial is being celebrated at the present time.

The Plymouth Company was allowed to settle anywhere above 38 degrees north latitude. Neither company could begin a settlement within one hundred miles of the other.

The Plymouth Company sent out a colony consisting of "one hundred and twenty persons for planters." They came in two ships, the larger one called "Mary and John," and the smaller, the "Gift of God."

This expedition was in charge of George Popham, a nephew of Sir John Popham, and sailed from Plymouth, England, June 10, 1607.

They settled at the mouth of the Kennebec river and formed the first English speaking settlement in New England.

Popham having died during the winter, the colonists, disheartened by the severity of the climate, returned to England the following spring.

The southern branch of the corporation or the London Company obtained new patents, which were more definite in scope of territory and authority over it at two different dates, 1609 and 1621.

Believing such action a necessity at the north, the Plymouth Company, through Gorges, petitioned the Crown for a new patent, which was granted November 3, 1620.

This last company consisted of forty noblemen and gentlemen, who, in their associate capacity, were termed "The Council established at Plymouth in the County of Devon, for planting, ruling and governing New England in America."

The name New England here appears for the first time in high official form.

The bounds of the new company were set in the patent, between the 40th and 48th degrees of north latitude, which on the coast line commences at the parallel of Philadelphia and extends along the mainland to the Bay of Chaleur. East to west the patent extended "through the mainland from sea to sea."

There had been, up to 1632, at least twelve and probably more grants made by the Plymouth Council along the shore of Maine; but two only of these will be considered as they cover the territory under consideration.

On January 13, 1630, a grant was made to William Bradford of the new colony of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and his associates, of fifteen miles on each side of the Kennebec river extending from its mouth to the Cobossee river at the present site of Gardiner.

Additions were afterward made by purchase and otherwise, and the northern bound was finally fixed at the present town of Norridgewock.

THE KENNEBEC PURCHASE

In 1661, the Plymouth colony conveyed the Kennebec tract to Antipas Boyes, Edward Tyng, Thomas Brattle and John Winslow for four hundred pounds.

This was known as the "Kennebec Purchase" and the sale was made because of trouble with the French and Indians, which had rendered Plymouth trade here quite unprofitable.

The Kennebec patent lay dormant until the year 1749, a period of eighty-eight years, when Edward Winslow, Robert Temple, Henry

Laughton, Jacob Wendell, Thomas Valentine, John Bonner, Samuel Goodwin, John Fox and Joseph Gooch, heirs and assigns of Boyes and his associates, met at the Royal Exchange tavern, in King street, Boston, and organized a company which they called "Proprietors of the Kennebec Purchase from the late colony of Plymouth."

At a later date, William and James Bowdoin, Thomas and John Hancock, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, Benjamin Hallowell, James Bayard and many others became their associates.

On February 19, 1631, the Pemaquid patent was made to two merchants of Bristol, England, Robert Aldsworth and Gyles Eldridge.

James Sullivan in his "History of the District of Maine," published in 1795, describes this grant as follows: "Pemaquid, 12,000 acres, bounded from head of Damariscotta river to the head of Muscongus river, thence to the sea, with all islands within three leagues."

In the same grant "one hundred acres to every passenger and fifty acres to everyone born there within seven years."

The Pemaquid claim, through change in ownership, became known later as the Drowne claim, and embraced all of the present towns of Bristol, Bremen, Damariscotta and part of Newcastle and Nobleboro.

The Brown claim was founded on the purchase by John Brown of Bristol, July 15, 1625, from the Wawenock sagamores, Capt. John Somerset and Unongoit, of the tract described as follows: "Beginning at Pemaquid Falls, and so running a direct course to the head of New Harbor, and thence to the south end of Muscongus Island, taking in the island, and so running five and twenty miles into the country north and east and thence eight miles northwest and by west, and then turning and running south and by west to Pemaquid where first begun."

The consideration for this purchase was fifty beaver skins.

These limits would include as now constituted, all of Nobleboro, Damariscotta, Bremen and Jefferson and the greater part of Bristol and Newcastle.

This old Indian deed of Brown's is supposed to be the first deed ever properly executed in America, and was recorded at Charlestown, Mass., December 26, 1720, and also an attested copy was recorded in York County Registry, August 3, 1739.

John Brown died about 1670 in either a place very near where Damariscotta village stands or in Boston at the home of his son.

He left three children, John Brown, Jr., Elizabeth, who married Richard Pierce of Marblehead, and Margaret, who married Sander Gould.

In 1660, Brown deeded to Gould and his wife a tract eight miles square nearly in the centre of his purchase.

The Goulds had three daughters, Margaret, Mary and Elizabeth. Margaret married William Stilson, who was killed by the Indians, but left two children, James and Margaret, who later made claim to the land.

The daughter, Margaret Stilson, married William Hilton, who also was killed by the Indians, but to whom the larger part of those bearing the name of Hilton in this part of the State trace their descent.

THE NOBLE CLAIM

The Noble claim rested upon the following: Mary, daughter of Sander and Margaret (Brown) Gould, married John Coats. They had one son, Prinsent Coats. He sold his claim, whatever it might amount to, to William Noble, mentioning in particular, the eight-mile-square tract. This descended by will from Noble to his heirs, and they were very active in pressing their claims in many instances where there was no likelihood that they extended, even if they had an equity anywhere.

James Noble was the heir of William, and in 1765 he married the widow of William Vaughan, with whom the Vaughn claim originated. The town of Nobleboro, much against the wishes of its inhabitants, took its name, when incorporated, Nov. 20, 1788, from Arthur Noble, heir of James.

As early as 1730, William Vaughan of Boston came to Damariscotta Fresh Falls and commenced a settlement. He claimed under the Brown title as far east as Pemaquid pond, and west to Mill river. James Noble and Elliot Vaughn, his brother, came with him. In 1730, he built two double saw mills and a grist mill. Damariscotta pond in his day was called Vaughn's pond. After his death his right passed over to Elliot Vaughn and James Noble.

The Brown claim, including the claims of Noble and Vaughn, did not cause much if any trouble to the settlers in Jefferson.

Those settlers living within the limits of the Kennebec Purchase, that is, within fifteen miles of the Kennebec river, were driven to desperate measures to protect their ownership.

We cannot better illustrate this than by quoting from a "History of Kennebec Purchase," found in Vol. IV. of the Maine Historical Society collection.

"As early as 1796 the squatters in Ballstown (now Jefferson) had become sufficiently numerous to act in a body and to prevent individuals from agreeing to any measure not approved by the majority. They at first advanced the doctrine (which subsequently was decided untenable by the highest tribunal) that this corporation under the general law establishing landed corporations, could only sell land when necessary to raise money to pay debts. As the company temporized with them the settlers became more resolute and refused to allow any survey of the land unless they could previously know what was to be the price of their land." In 1802 steps were taken looking to a compromise between the company and settlers. A petition was made to the general court for a commission to be appointed to adjust the troubles. A resolve was passed which prescribed the principles upon which the commission should act, and required also the consent both of the company and of the settlers to the terms of the resolve, before the commission should proceed; and those settlers who did not give a written acquiescence to its terms before a fixed day were to be debarred from its benefit.

By the terms prescribed the settlers were to be divided into three classes, those who had taken their land previous to the Revolutionary War, when the company offered their lots freely to anyone who would occupy and improve them; those who went on during the war, and those who had taken up their lots subsequently. The price was to be lowest to the first class and highest to the last.

The resolve closed with an earnest appeal to the settlers, as friends of peace, good order and the commonwealth, to submit to the resolve.

The State agreed to pay half of the expense which under common circumstances would have fallen to the settler to pay.

Many settlers in Whitefield, Palermo, Freedom and other towns submitted to this resolve and deeds were given by the company's agent to the settlers the following June when they paid for their land.

The terms were not satisfactory to the Jefferson settlers. They, however, submitted, upon a further modification of terms by the legislature, by which they were to relinquish all claims, and receive deeds of their lots upon payment of five dollars in each case as a fee.

The original claimants were to receive an equivalent in the unlocated lands of the State.

Three disinterested persons, not inhabitants of Massachusetts or Maine, were to be commissioners and execute the will of the State.

Jeremiah Smith, who had been chief justice and governor of New Hampshire, William H. Woodward of the same State, and Judge David Howell of Rhode Island were appointed to this office. This commission in 1813 proved satisfactory and settled the last great controversy respecting land titles in Maine.

In the town records we find that on June 1, 1812, the following was passed: "Voted to raise $200 to enable the committee appointed by the town to meet with agents appointed by the governor of this commonwealth to settle the dispute between the non-resident proprietors, commonwealth and settlers in Jefferson, Nobleboro, Newcastle and other towns mentioned in submission, who are to meet for that purpose at the house of Nathaniel Bryant in Nobleboro, on the 25th day of June, 1812."

LINCOLN ACADEMY GRANT

A few years before the proprietors' claims were finally settled another element of disturbance made its appearance in what was known as the Lincoln Academy grant.

When the charter of the academy was obtained in 1801, there was a provision for State aid, when three thousand dollars was raised by private subscription. After this was raised the State assigned them one-half a township in the unoccupied lands of the State. This appropriation of land by the Legislature, not being satisfactory to the trustees, probably on the ground that it might be some time before the half township of land would be settled and become productive to the academy, they petitioned the Legislature, by a committee raised for the purpose, of whom David Dennis of Nobleboro was chairman, that instead of unappropriated wild land they might have the "Gore."

This is described as follows: "The gore of land lying between the Plymouth and Waldo claims at the head of Damariscotta pond."

This contained about 30,000 acres.

The Legislature granted the petition of the trustees by an act passed Feb. 12, 1803, and the trustees proceeded to sell out those acres.

That this arrangement was not satisfactory to those owning or holding land in this territory is shown by a petition to the Legislature in 1813. This petition is rather long and we will give only an abstract from the closing part.

The settlers in their petition claim that "the trustees conveyed to three of their number as purchasers the residue of their claim which they say lay within the incorporated towns, by virtue whereof these purchasers have been calling on your petitioners, asserting the right of the commonwealth to be in them.

"Intimidating all by threats of suit and as it were, hastily forcing settlement to amass wealth before it might be determined whether the deed granted to the trustees as aforesaid, be in conformity to the will of the Legislature, and the title if ever it was fully or legally vested in these purchasers of the trustees, before a release of the heirs or assigns of the non-resident claimants in the submission between them and the commonwealth since late lately was given."

This petition is signed by a long list of settlers in Jefferson, Nobleboro and Waldoboro.

A resolve was passed by the General Court in Boston, Feb. 28, 1814, authorizing the trustees of the academy to give a warranty deed to the settlers, releasing them from any claim of the commonwealth or of the trustees, upon payment of about thirteen cents per acre.

SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN

Who built the first log house and settled there with his family, we do not know. We find it frequently stated that the town was settled in 1770, also that it gained its plantation name of Ballstown from John Ball, the first settler.

When and where Ball settled, I have not been able to ascertain. It is very probable that the first settler located near Newcastle, which was very early settled and was incorporated June 19, 1753. At this time there was quite a settlement at Damariscotta Mills.

There is on record at Wiscasset a deed given by Joshua Linscott to his son Ephraim and another to his son, Jonathan, in which he states that the land conveyed to each son, is a part of the premises surveyed for him by Elijah Partridge, surveyor, August 4, 1764.

Daniel C. Linscott, Esq., of Boston, a grandson of Joshua Linscott, is authority for the statement that his grandfather, Joshua, the next year after his land was surveyed, cleared a portion which for many years was termed the "house lot," and built a log house and located his family there.

This would make him a settler in 1765 and antedates any other of which we have a record. This is the farm which was occupied by the late Hiram Linscott.

There is also a plan of land which belonged to Archibald McAllister on record at Wiscasset dated May 13, 1766.

A committee was appointed by Newcastle Sept. 22, 1774, "to lay out a road from the town road near Benjamin Glidden's to the north town line to accommodate the people of Ballstown."

From this we would infer that there must have been a number of families living there, and also that at this time the plantation had received its name of Ballstown.

As early as 1792 the question of incorporation was agitated. We find in the early record of Ballstown that at a plantation meeting held April 2, 1792, Article 10, was as follows:

VIEW AT BUNKER HILL

"To see if the plantation will vote to petition the General Court to be set off as a district or incorporated into a town and in what manner they will proceed."

This meeting voted not to petition the General Court.

July 22, 1793, a vote was taken to see if the inhabitants would divide the plantation, in which 30 voted to divide and 48 against it.

In 1795-6 and -7, they voted not to take any act toward incorporation. For the next four years the records are silent on this question.

December 7, 1801, it was voted to divide the plantation "beginning at Turner's meadow brook on New Milford (now Alna) line, thence running a course about N. N. E. to strike between Michael Glidden's and Jonathan Peasley's and to continue that course to the plantation north line."

Samuel Waters, Joseph Jackson and Samuel Kincaid were appointed a committee to have the division line surveyed. On April 5, 1802, it was voted to accept the line as laid out and surveyed by this committee.

At a meeting in April, 1807, after electing a few officers (pro tempore as recorded) and taking a ballot on the separation of the District of Maine from Massachusetts, in which 139 votes were for separation and 47 against it, they voted to adjourn the meeting on the west side to meet at Abraham Choate's on the 27th inst. and also voted to adjourn the meeting on the east side to meet at James Reeves' on the same 27th inst.

The mutual division and adjournment of the meeting would indicate that the utmost harmony prevailed in regard to the separation and incorporation of Jefferson.

The town was undoubtedly named for Thomas Jefferson, who at that time was President of the United States. Tradition says that the name was suggested by Jonathan Trask, who was one of the active men in town affairs, and a great admirer of President Jefferson.

ACT OF INCORPORATION

The following is the act of incorporation as found in Chapter 62, Laws of Massachusetts, Vol. 4, new series:

An Act to incorporate the easterly part of the plantation heretofore called Ballstown into a separate town by the name of Jefferson.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the easterly side of the plantation heretofore called Ballstown in the County of Lincoln, as described within the following bounds, be and hereby is incorporated into a town by the name of Jefferson, viz.:

Beginning at a red oak tree marked for a corner, standing near Travel pond so called, from thence running south sixty degrees east five miles and two hundred and eighty poles, to Union line, to a hemlock tree marked for a corner, thence south sixty-six degrees west one mile and two hundred and forty poles to a tree marked for a corner on Waldoborough line, thence southwest two miles and two hundred and sixty poles, to Nobleboro line, to a tree marked for a corner, thence west north-west two miles and eighty poles, to a tree marked for a corner, standing on the shore of Damariscotta pond, thence across said pond to the western shore of said pond, thence down said pond as said pond runs

to Newcastle line, to a tree marked for a corner, thence west-northwest three miles and forty poles to a stake and stones at Turner's brook so-called, for a corner, thence north twenty-seven degrees east eleven miles and twenty poles to the bound first mentioned.

And the said town is hereby vested with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the duties and requirements to which other towns are entitled or subjected by the constitution and laws of this commonwealth.

Section 11. And be it further enacted, that either of the justices of peace, for the county of Lincoln, be and he is hereby authorized to issue a warrant directed to some inhabitant of said town of Jefferson, requiring him to notify and warn the inhabitants of the said town to meet at such convenient time and place as shall be appointed in said warrant, for the choice of such officers as towns are by law required to choose at their annual town meeting.

[This act passed February 24, 1807.]

FIRST TOWN MEETING

The first town meeting was called to meet at the dwelling house of James Reeves on Monday, the 11th day of May, 1807.

At this meeting William Hopkins was elected moderator, David S. Trask, clerk; Jonathan Trask, Joseph Weeks and James Robinson, selectmen. John Parker bid off the constableship at public "vendue" for $57, John Polley and Richard Powers giving bonds for $3,000 for the faithful performance of his duties as constable and collector.

On the day of this meeting another meeting was called to be held May 16, five days later. Why this adjournment was made we do not know.

At the meeting May 16, Joseph Weeks was elected treasurer, Jonathan Trask, Joseph Weeks and James Robinson chosen assessors.

John Parker bid off the collector's office at four per cent.

Then were chosen seventeen highway surveyors, eleven surveyors of lumber and cullers of staves, twelve tything men, ten field drivers, twelve fence viewers, eight hog reeves and seven pound keepers.

The appropriations made were as follows:

To defray town charges, $200.

For schooling the children, $400.

To be expended on highways, $1,000.

Voted to work out the money on highway by August 1, at one dollar per day per man.

Voted, that hogs should run at large, must be well yoked according to law.

Voted, that pound keepers should make pounds of their own barns, free of expense to the town.

Samuel Waters, Jonathan Trask and William Hopkins chosen to settle accounts with plantation of Ballstown.

William Hopkins, Thomas Trask and Samuel Waters chosen to settle town accounts.

Voted that the bounty on "croos" heads should be twenty-five cents.

The committee appointed at this meeting to adjust the accounts between Jefferson and Ballstown made their report April 1, 1808.

The debt of the entire plantation at time of separation was $237.44. Of this it was agreed that Ballstown should pay $107.03 and Jefferson $130.41.

We find that nearly every year at the annual town meeting, money was voted "to support the gospel."

This varied from $150 to $300 in different years, and a committee was appointed from different sections of the town "to pay over the money to whom they shall see fit to call to preach in town this year."

While there seems not to have been any objection to appropriating money for religious work, we are led to infer that there were different opinions as to how it should be used.

In a warrant for a town meeting to be held in September, 1808, the following article appears: "To see what method the town will take, in order to settle the Rev. William Allen in this town to preach the gospel of peace to dying sinners."

At a meeting it was voted to dismiss the article.

In the call for a town meeting for election of representatives to Congress or General Court at Boston, we find a property qualification of voters, which evidently did not apply to the town election as the following abstract will show: "Said inhabitants of said town for one year next preceding, having a freehold estate within said town of the annual income of three pounds, or any estate to the value of sixty pounds."

The first mention of any help being given to the poor was at a meeting held April 2, 1810, when a man and his wife were "bid off" by David Trask for three dollars and sixty cents per week, with the following conditions: "The said David to provide meat, furnish nursing, firewood and rooms sufficient for them for one year, if they should live so long."

The custom then prevailed of selling the paupers to the lowest bidder for their board and care.

There are no records to show that the town took any official action bearing upon the War of 1812, except an entry in the town treasurer's account for 1813, when there are charges for lead, bullet moulds, running bullets, camp-kettles, powder, etc., amounting to upward of forty dollars.

In the records at the Adjutant General's office at Augusta, we find a Roll of Capt. Davis Boynton's company of militia, raised in Jefferson and in service at Wiscasset and vicinity from the 11th to the 14th of September, 1814. Including its officers this company numbers thirty-six men.

There were, according to an inventory on record in 1811: "192 polls 21 years old and upward, 134 dwelling houses and 135 barns, one grist mill, one carding mill, one fulling mill and four saw mills."

There were raised that year 1023 bushels of wheat and 3249 bushels of Indian corn.

SEPARATION FROM MASSACHUSETTS

The earliest record we find regarding the separation of Maine from Massachusetts has been already referred to, as occurring in April, 1807. From then for several years it apparently did not receive much attention. It was revived again in the spring of 1816 when at a meeting in May a ballot was taken with 61 yeas and 45 nays. It is evident that during this year there was a great deal of effort put forth by those favoring

separation, as there are many circulars on file, and a written ballot was called for at another meeting held Sept. 1, 1816.

The first mention of a building for school purposes was in 1809, when at the April meeting it was voted: "That one hundred and fifty dollars be expended for labor and materials that year for a schoolhouse for the fifth class," later known as the fifth district or Trask school. Thomas Trask, Abner Ford and Jonathan Trask were chosen to superintend the building of the house as well as to manage the school.

It is presumed that the early schools were held at the dwelling houses in different parts of the town, as money was appropriated each year for school purposes, but how it was used there is no account for a number of years after incorporation.

There is a document among the town papers, locating the district bounds as originally laid out, with names of families and number of scholars in each. This division was made in 1816 and there were according to this record 640 scholars in the town to be educated with an appropriation of $400. The schools of those days would doubtless seem crude and limited in the ground covered and methods used, when compared with some of our modern schools, but when we look at the men who came from those schools, we find a great many energetic and successful business men, with high moral standards that would put to shame many modern financiers whose only aim is the almighty dollar.

Jefferson's schools have always been above the average and it has been said that more teachers have gone forth from this town than from any other town in the county.

Under date of Nov. 10, 1827, we find the following record:—

"Joseph Jackson, Jr., applied for license. Town clerk and treasurer not being at home he was permitted to sell spirituous liquors until September next for five dollars."

(Signed) JESSE ROWELL,
Selectman of Jefferson.

One of the landmarks of the town is the old pound built in 1829. This was built of stone, circular in form, forty feet in diameter on the inside. The walls are six feet thick at the bottom and seven feet high. The contract for building was made with Silas Noyes for $28.

For many years this asset of the town has suffered neglect and today remains but a monument of the past.

In 1858 on the prohibitory act there were 72 votes for prohibition and one for license. This speaks in no uncertain tone for the moral and temperance sentiment at that time.

In 1859 the town voted on petition of Orrin Folsom and others, for setting off part of Jefferson to Somerville. The vote was unanimously against it.

July 3, 1861, voted to furnish supplies to families of volunteers in the United States service.

July 26, 1862, voted to raise $2,300 to pay bounties to 23 volunteers to make up the quota.

August 27, 1862, voted to hire $3,400 for 34 volunteers, nine months men, to make up quota.

A committee of ten was appointed at this meeting to encourage enlistments.

March 11, 1863, raised $300 for support of destitute families of volunteers.

November 24, 1863, voted to pay volunteers $300 each.

February 25, 1864, voted to pay $300 to volunteers for call of February 1, 1864.

June 11, 1864, voted to raise $700 for families of volunteers.

August 13, 1864, another vote to raise $300 per man.

August 25, 1864, voted to raise $200 per man.

December 12, 1864, voted to raise $8,000 for volunteers.

February 18, 1865, voted to raise $3,000 for volunteers.

These votes given as they were recorded furnished proof of the loyalty of the citizens of Jefferson during the dark days of the Civil War, far better than any comment which I can make.

Jefferson gave not only her money as shown in these votes, but two hundred and seventeen of her best and dearly beloved young men, many of whom never returned.

These frequent town meetings of the war time were held in the old town house which was situated on the west side of the road near where the late Charles Weeks lived. It was a rough building and during the last years of its use became very dilapidated.

On March 8, 1869, the town voted $700 to build a new town house, and on April 12, 1869, a contract was made with Josiah Bruce to build the house for $895. The old building was sold to Samuel J. Bond for $30.

DEEP RELIGIOUS INTEREST

In 1729 David Dunbar, with a commission from the Crown of England as "Surveyor General of the King's Woods and Governor of Sagadahoc" came to Pemaquid. He by royal order was required "to settle as well as govern Sagadahoc."

With this end in view he employed agents and stimulated their activity by land grants. His agents being of the Scotch-Irish stock, persuaded a large number, who had immigrated from Ulster County, Ireland, which was in the midst of religious contention, to settle there.

"Fresh and fervid from the siege of Londonderry and the battlefields of Enniskillen, came the children of the church, full of faith, hope and zeal, panting for freedom to worship God."

The religious character and proclivities of the people in the Dunbar settlements soon developed a state of deep religious interest. Destitute of the stated means of grace, the people met together every Sabbath, and frequently on other days, for the purpose of worshiping God in a public manner by prayer, singing of Psalms and reading instructive books.

The so-called "Dunbar Settlements" were in the towns south and adjoining Jefferson. The descendants of these settlers, as they took up new farms, naturally followed up the waterways and extended northward into the country. Hence the majority of the early settlers in Jefferson came from Newcastle, Boothbay, Edgecomb and other neighboring towns, and were largely the descendants of these earnest Scotch-Irish immigrants. To this is due the strong individuality, the upright

and moral character, the deep spiritual and religious sentiment that pervaded the early inhabitants of our beloved town.

As early as 1784 a Baptist minister by the name of Stearns, occasionally visited the town and held services. In 1785 Rev. James Potter visited Whitefield, then Ballstown, where he preached, extending his labors into the western part of this town.

In 1798 Rev. Mr. McLane of Bristol commenced occasional visits to the town as a missionary, which he continued for nine years. In 1804 the people residing at and about the head of Damariscotta pond, took measures for building a house of worship, without, however, previously determining anything in respect to the denomination that should occupy it.

In 1808 the house was finished and in October of that year was dedicated. It was in subsequent years controlled and occupied chiefly by Baptists, the pew holders embracing or becoming favorable to that faith. This building was used until 1844, when the present house was built.

In November, 1807, a powerful and interesting work of grace commenced among the people in connection with the labors of a young man by the name of William Allen of Sedgwick, Maine.

CHURCH ORGANIZED

This revival continued the following year and on June 16, 1808, the First Baptist Church was organized, Rev. Isaac Case, Rev. Jabez Lewis and Rev. Phineas Pillsbury forming the council.

The church was organized with eleven members: John Kennedy, Abiathar Richardson, Thomas Kennedy, Richard Brann, Ichabod Rollins, Archibald Robinson, Benjamin Reed, Thomas Dow, Hannah Kennedy and Temperance Gilpatrick. Additions were made during the summer, so that at the meeting of the association in September of that year there was a membership of seventy-five.

On January 24, 1809, William Allen was ordained pastor of the church, which office he held until his death, April 10, 1836, a period of twenty-seven years. It is but a just tribute to real worth to say that few men have labored in the gospel vineyard with more zeal than did Mr. Allen. He was pre-eminently a working man as well as a workman. There were added to the church during his pastorate two hundred and fifteen members.

During the last year and more of his pastorate his health failed and Rev. Enos Trask and Rev. Joseph Wilson served the church two years during which time forty-two were added to its membership.

January 1, 1837, Rev. Samuel Chisam, who had united with the church twenty-eight years before, became pastor, continuing until March 29, 1846, when, having nominated his successor, he retired full of honor and universally respected.

Rev. Luther C. Stevens of New Sharon assumed his pastoral duties in March, 1846, and served until August, 1851, a period of five and one-half years. Mr. Stevens was endowed with many excellent qualities of mind and heart, and sought earnestly and faithfully to elevate the church

to the gospel standard of purity and efficiency. Upon the recommendation of Mr. Stevens the church next called Rev. William Tilley of Sidney, Maine, who entered upon his duties in January, 1852. After four years of faithful work he severed his connection with this church and entered another field of labor. In March, 1862, Mr. Tilley was given a unanimous call to again become its pastor. This pastorate lasted nine years in which there were added more than ninety members. In July, 1871, he again resigned only to be re-called in 1875 for the third time, which position he held until his death, October 2, 1882. His three pastorates lasted over a period of more than twenty years.

The self-sacrificing interest which he manifested for the spiritual welfare of his flock, the purity of his life and his superior ability to comprehend and unfold the great truths of Christianity, were some of the points which endeared him to the people.

The church has also been faithfully served by Rev. Daniel Bartlett, Rev. Moses J. Kelly, Rev. E. T. Sandford, Rev. A. J. Nelson, Rev. Edgar Hatfield, Rev. B. F. Lawrence and Rev. C. E. Harden. The time allowed for this paper will not allow extended note of their pastorates, except to say that the work of the church has never faltered and many additions have been made. On January 19, 1896, Rev. John Pettingill of Rockland began his labors with this church and served until January 1, 1902, exhibiting good ability and having a rare hold upon the young people of the community.

February 1, 1902, the present pastor, Rev. A. A. Bennett, began his labors. His sermons have been deep, practical and spiritual and the work is in excellent condition.

The Second Baptist Church owes its origin to the revival attending the labors of Rev. William Allen in 1807.

In 1808 Asa Wing, afterward licensed by the church, entered upon the work.

June 25, 1808, Rev. Isaac Case and Asa Wing (Mr. Allen was detained by sickness) met at the house of James Cunningham in western Jefferson, now called "the ridge." Here the converts previously baptized were organized into a church. The next day Elder Case, after preaching and baptizing, returned to the place of worship, which was a barn, and there administered the Lord's supper to the little band of eighteen members. Mr. Wing served the church about two years and from that time until 1818 it was usually supplied by Mr. Allen. William Burbank, licensed by the church in 1818, became its pastor in 1821. In the revival which blessed his labors in 1824, Elder Burbank baptized Enos Trask and Amos Boynton, both of whom became well-known as earnest preachers of the gospel.

The same year, 1824, saw a division of the church, Elder Burbank and more than half the members being set off to form the Third church in Jefferson. For eight years the church struggled on without a pastor, without a house of worship, and with little preaching.

Brighter days seemed to dawn with the coming of Rev. Enos Trask in 1833. Elder Trask, for nearly fifty years, had a deep interest in this church, and it was one of the last churches to hear his fervent and earnest appeal for a better life. This church held its services in schoolhouses until the present house was built in 1890.

The Third Baptist Church was organized October 27, 1824, at the house of Jonathan Trask. Rev. William Burbank, who was pastor of the Second Church when the division was made, continued his labors, cheered by occasional revivals and steadily holding on in times of depression and darkness for eighteen years.

This church was afterward served by Rev. Amos Boynton, in all ten years; Rev. Thomas Goldthwaite, two years; Rev. Enos Trask, four years; Rev. G. E. Boynton, two years, and others whose record I have not received. This church worshiped in the Boynton schoolhouse until 1844, when the present edifice was dedicated.

A few years ago the building was repaired and remodelled, and at this time it became to a certain extent a union church, as the Free Will Baptists, who had an organization without a home, assisted in the renovation by purchasing part of the pews and the building has since been used jointly by the two organizations.

The Free Will Baptist Church was organized in 1843 at the Murphy schoolhouse. This church has been served by some able men and for the last ten years or more the Rev. H. F. Wood has been the very efficient pastor.

The number of Revolutionary soldiers whose record I have been able to trace in the short time at my disposal is limited. As the town had but few inhabitants at the time of the war, and as many who afterward settled in Jefferson, resided elsewhere when they entered the service, and are so recorded, it becomes difficult to identify them without some family history. If any one present knows of others I shall appreciate it if they will inform me later in the day. The following have been taken from government records: Samuel Cunningham, Solomon Hopkins, Jesse Hall, Joseph Jackson, Samuel Jackson, Joseph Jones, Jonathan Jones, Archibald McAllister, Richard McAllister, James Robinson, James Shepherd, William Shepherd, Thomas Trask.

Time will allow but a brief sketch of a few of the early settlers with no attempt to trace their descendants except in a very few cases. There are many others which would be of interest to mention but the brief time for preparation has not allowed a more general canvass.

Joshua Linscott, as previously mentioned, settled on the farm in the south part of Jefferson, near Newcastle, now occupied by Roswell Linscott and Abiel N. Linscott, and reared a family of eleven children. He died there about 1830, aged 95 years.

About the same time John Linscott settled on the adjoining farm, now occupied by Ernest Weeks, and raised a large family. From these two have descended all the Linscotts who have ever lived in Jefferson.

Ichabod Linscott, father of Joshua and John, lived at Damariscotta Mills, and as a millwright built the first dam and mill at that place. He held the title to his land under the Vaughn claim, and was one of the six whom Tappan prosecuted in July, 1741, for ejectment.

Robert Clary, born in Georgetown, Maine, March 10, 1757, married Susannah Reirdon of Georgetown. She was born August 8, 1756. He moved to Jefferson in 1776 and settled near Pleasant Pond. They had eleven children, all born in Jefferson.

Charles Glidden moved from Damariscotta in 1772 and took up the land bounded on the south by the road leading from Jefferson to Cooper's

Mills, on the west by the Sheepscot river, on the north by the present town of Somerville, and on the east by Travel Pond. At the time of settlement he was six miles from any public road. D. S. Glidden now lives on his old homestead. He had two sons, Charles and William. William built the saw and grist mill at Cooper's Mills.

John Boynton, a son of Caleb, was born in Wiscasset in 1743. He settled first in what is now Alna, later in Ballstown, his log cabin standing nearly opposite the place now owned by Mr. Percy Hunt, near the head of Pleasant Pond, when his third child was born in 1772. He married Temperance Hogdson, who was born near Portsmouth, N. H., in 1737. They had six children, two of whom, David and Nathan, served in the War of 1812, the former a captain and the latter a lieutenant.

Jonathan Noyes, a son of Benjamin Noyes, was born in Rowley, Mass., February 9, 1746. He came to Ballstown in 1775 and settled near Pleasant Pond, on the farm afterward owned by the late Charles Dow. He had five children born in Rowley and six born in Jefferson. Several of his sons settled in Jefferson and from them have descended all those who bear the name in town.

About 1725 or 6 Samuel Trask, when a boy, was stolen from Salem by the Indians, and an appropriation for the purchase of his redemption was made by vote of the town. As no trace of him could be discovered the money was applied to the purchase of a bell. But Trask was a captive among the eastern Indians on the Penobscot. His skill as a huntsman as well as his seamanship brought him into the notice of Baron de Castine, who purchased him of his captors, and employed him on board his sloop. He was taken from Castine by an English freebooter and transferred to the companionship of Captain Kidd, with whom he had been accustomed to visit the Sheepscot and cut spars. On the capture of Kidd and the dispersion of his crew, Trask retired to Sheepscot and made a clearing within the limits of the early Free-town now incorporated as Edgecomb. His experience among the Indians gave him celebrity as one skilled in the curative art, and among the early settlers he was known as "Dr. Trask." Three sons of Samuel Trask, Jonathan, David S., and Thomas, settled in Ballstown, about 1795. Their farms included most of the land between the Third Baptist Church and William Hemenway's in South Jefferson. They all took a very active part in town affairs. Jonathan was the first representative from Jefferson to the General Court in Boston. David was the first town clerk. Thomas was the father of Rev. Enos Trask, to whom reference has been made.

Elisha Clark, Sr., who married Patience Weston and settled permanently on the farm now occupied by Alonzo Hodgkins, was the son of Josiah and Patience (Blackstone) Clark. They came to Newcastle from Dover Neck, N. H., about 1740. Elisha was a resident of Newcastle for a number of years, being one of the selectmen in 1760-61-62. From him descended Elisha, Jr., the father of Hannah Linscott, Abigail Hodgkins, Betsey Gowen and several others. John, known as Fiddler Clark, who was the father of that numerous family, twenty of whom grew to mature age, was another son.

The Clarks who formerly lived in East Jefferson were relatives, being descended from James of Newcastle, a brother of Elisha, Sr. On the Blackstone side they descended from the Rev. William Blackstone, the first owner and occupant of Shawmut, now the city of Boston.

Captain Joseph Jones married Abigail Clark, daughter of Josiah and Patience B. Clark. He was a settler at Damariscotta Saw Mills, as the place was early called. He was a selectman in Newcastle in 1763 and 5. His settlement in Ballstown was doubtless soon after, as he was one of the officers in the plantation and later of the town. He permanently settled where Walter Nash now resides. He was captain of a company of militia which was in active service during the Revolutionary war. His pay-rolls are among the Revolutionary records in the Massachusetts Archives.

Jonathan Jones, his brother, also settled in Jefferson.

They were the sons of Cornelius Jones, who came from Exeter, N. H., and was one of the early settlers of Newcastle.

James Murphy of Scotch-Irish parentage was married to Sarah Lindsay at Arrowsic Island, Nov. 9, 1769, and very soon after settled in Ballstown on the shore of Pleasant Pond, where they raised their family of nine children, seven sons and two daughters.

Mary married Gideon Ford of Ballstown. She was the eldest of the family and was born in 1770 at Pleasant Pond, and it is claimed she was the first child born of European parents in the plantation. She died February 21, 1863, aged 93 years, having outlived all her family. Her husband, Gideon Ford, Sr., died in October, 1805, at Mayhew's Corner and was buried near the First Baptist Church, his grave being one of the three that were formerly seen there.

Among the descendants of James Murphy may be numbered the late Simon J. Murphy of Detroit, Mich., ex-Governor Nathan Oakes Murphy of Phenix, Arizona, and Frank M. Murphy, president of the Santa Fe and Prescott Branch Railroad.

Abner Ford, Sr., was born in Marshfield, Mass., Nov. 8, 1724, and was the son of William and Hannah (Truant) Ford of that town. He married Bertha Sampson, daughter of Gideon Sampson of Marshfield. The date of his settlement in Jefferson is unknown, but doubtless early in its history. The homestead is now occupied by a descendant of the fifth generation, William Hemenway. Abner, Sr., was of the fifth generation from widow Martha Ford, who immigrated from England to the Plymouth Colony in the ship Fortuna in 1621.

Thomas Kennedy came to Maine from Bridgewater, Mass., when nineteen years old, and lived with his sister, Mrs. Jane Waters, at Newcastle. He married Elizabeth Winslow of Newcastle, a descendant of Gov. Winslow, it is claimed. He came to Jefferson in 1778 with a Mr. Flanders and together they took up a tract of land running from the eastern shore of Damariscotta Pond to the Medomak river, and built a log house not far from where the Kennedy burying ground is now situated. They had a large family, who largely settled in Jefferson and Waldoboro. One son, John, was the first deacon of the First Baptist Church and is well remembered by many of the older residents.

Samuel Waters came from England, was a cooper by trade, purchased the head of Dyer's Neck, Newcastle, from river to river and resided on it. The country was wild, but the strong arm and determined will soon made a clearing and created him a home. He was a very pious man and did much toward sustaining religious ordinances among the people, and frequently had services at his own home; but, like many good

men, he had some peculiar ideas and ways, which at this time seem a little singular. When his second wife died, a friend in sympathy remarked to him: "You have lost your wife, Mr. Waters." "Yes," said he, "the loss of women and the increase of sheep will make a man rich." The last years of his life he spent in Jefferson on the farm later occupied by the late John S. Ames, at the head of Dyer's Pond. When the bass viol, just purchased, would be brought into the house where he worshiped, he would leave it saying: "It is both base and vile." When asked why, he said: "They play both Psalm tunes and dancing upon it." He was a firm Presbyterian and used to go to Waldoboro to partake of communion. He was very benevolent, and when living in Newcastle, when the people from Ballstown used to come to catch fish in the spring, he would entertain them free of charge.

John Weeks, born in Greenland, N. H., in 1732-3, and married in 1753-4, Abigail, daughter of Samuel Piper, of Stratham, N. H., and came to Damariscotta about 1769. He enclosed for himself and six sons five hundred acres of land in what is now Jefferson, for which he afterward paid the government. He built a house and lived where the late James Benner lived on the west side of the pond. He was the ancestor of nearly all by the name of Weeks in Jefferson. His six oldest children were born in Greenland, N. H., but the seventh, Winthrop, was born in Jefferson, Feb. 4, 1770, making him among the first to be born in the town of white parents.

Samuel and Joseph came from Newcastle and located at what has since been known as Jackson's Mills in 1778. Samuel, or Capt. Jackson as he was commonly called, built a house where Frank Davis now lives and raised a large family. He was captain of a company of militia in the early days and his manual of military tactics is now in the possession of one of his descendants, a valued heirloom.

Deacon Joseph Jackson built a house where the late Joseph J. Bond, his namesake, lived. This place has been in the possession of the descendants of Joseph Jackson until the fall of 1906, when it passed out of the family. Joseph married Hannah Kennedy of Newcastle Feb. 22, 1787, and raised a family of eleven children. He was for many years a deacon in the First Baptist Church and the second representative to the General Court at Boston, making the journey there on horseback.

These brothers served a brief period in the Revolutionary War. They built a saw and grist mill where the present mills are located and for many years it was the only grist mill in town.

Henry Bond, of English descent, was born in Watertown, Mass., Oct. 25, 1749. He married in May, 1774, Mary Ann Fullerton of Boothbay. He resided successively in Winchester, N. H., Wiscasset, and finally in Jefferson. He lived on the farm now owned by Avery J. Bond and had a timber house about half way from the present house to the pond, where the old cellar is still visible. He was a bricklayer and mason and the trade has been handed down through each generation. His descendants largely settled in Jefferson.

John Taylor, Sr., came from Plymouth Colony, probably Scituate, as early as 1635, and took up land at Damariscotta lower falls and resided here until 1678 when he was driven off by the Indians, and his house burned. He had one son, Isaac, and several daughters. Isaac

had four sons and one daughter. Joseph, Isaac's son, was born Nov. 20, 1737, and married Thankful Clarke of Providence, R. I. He came to Newcastle in 1767 and soon built the house on Academy Hill known afterward as the Glidden house.

Joseph and Thankful lived with their son John in Jefferson during the last years of their life. Their remains lie buried in the cemetery near the Trask meetinghouse. Joseph had ten children, several of whom settled in Jefferson, and among their descendants are many of our influential citizens.

The Richardsons came from England in 1630 and settled first in Charlestown, and later in Woburn, Mass. Abiather Richardson came to Jefferson about 1780 and settled on "the mountain." He had three sons, Abiather, Justus and Ezra.

Julius Richardson was born July 9, 1782, in Jefferson and married Jennet Bond of Jefferson July 9, 1807, and lived on the mountain near his father.

Ezra Richardson was born April 20, 1784, and married Mary Jackson of Jefferson, May 6, 1806, and settled on the farm now owned by Henry Flagg on the east side of the pond.

Jonathan Eames was born in Wilmington, Mass., in 1716. He was the son of Daniel and grandson of Robert Eames, who came from England to Charlestown, Mass., about 1650. Jonathan removed to Woburn, where he was married in 1754 to Mrs. Dorothy Richardson, a widow twenty-one years old with one son, Abiathar. To them were born two sons, Jonathan in 1755 and Phineas in 1757. The family moved first to Woolwich and in 1775 to Jefferson or Ballstown as it was then called. On the bank of the river not far from the present location of Masonic Hall, they built a log house, which was standing for many years.

Jonathan, Jr., shortly after moving to Ballstown in 1780 married Olive Young and moved to Somerset County, Maine.

Phineas married Mary Jones June 13, 1782, and built a frame house near the present home of Melzar Nash. To them were born twelve children.

Nathaniel Meservey came from Appleton and settled on the east side of the pond near Nobleboro line about 1800, and raised a large family, whose descendants largely settled in Jefferson.

"O mother town a century old!
Whose welcoming arms these guests enfold,
We come this bright auspicious day,
Due honor at thy feet to lay.

"Though other scenes may tempt the sight,
Though other skies may shine as bright,
And many a face be fair to see,
No other seems so dear to me.

"May peace and plenty reign upon
The hills and vales of Jefferson,
Justice and truth her people bless;
Her corner stone be righteousness."

THE UPPER LAKE

THE CENTENNIAL POEM

The Chairman:

Fortunate are we as a town, in having among us a fair and talented daughter of Maine, who has composed a poem for this auspicious occasion, Miss Winifred B. Ladd, but who for physical reasons is unable to recite it to us. But happy are we, indeed, in having with us today, a fair and charming daughter of the sunny South Land, over whose people wave the stars and stripes today, and who will defend it as well as the people of the North Land. I have now the extreme and happy pleasure of presenting to you, Miss Ridgeway, from the State of Georgia, who will read to us this poem.

Shades of the forest wild,
Haunt of the deer,
Home of the savage child,
Swiftly appear,
Out of the dreamy past,
Softened by time,
Pictures we fashion fast,
Painted in rhyme.

Look on the wilderness,
Billows of green,
Over earth's leafy dress,
Silvery sheen.
Vocal with thrushes sweet,
Cuckoo and jay,
Where the stream rushes fleet,
Fetterless, gay.

Hither comes Wawenock,
Careless of fear,
Heaving the mighty rock,
Chasing the deer;
When in the early fall,
Full of the moon,
Hears he the wild duck's call,
Voice of the loon.

Damariscotta's lake
Bears his canoe,
While the loud echoes wake
With his halloo.
Straight to its fated mark
Swift arrows fly,
Till from the shadows dark
Rises a cry.

When with abundant prey
Filled are his boats,
Back at the close of day
Homeward he floats.
Gently the wigwam's smoke
Curls in the air;
Lightly the paddle's stroke
Carries him there.

Vanished the Indian tribe,
Chieftain and squaw;
Briefly their fate inscribe,
Write it with awe.
There on our broad lake's shore,
None to molest,
All their wild wand'rings o'er,
Lie they at rest.

Simple the picture seems,
Artless the life;
Close to the land of dreams,
Far from earth's strife.
Into this lovely bay,
Sheltered so long,
Sailed a strange craft one day,
Gliding along.

Winds from the mighty world
Wafted it on,
Breathed on the flag unfurled,
Fair Jefferson!
Over the Indian grave,
O'er plain and slope,
Swept like a tidal wave
New life and hope.

Land of our fathers' care,
Our heart's delight,
Then rose thy day-star fair,
Cloudlessly bright.
Heaven then smiled on thee,
Hidden no more;
Ordered thy destiny,
Blessed ev'ry shore.

The primeval wilderness suddenly wakes;
A new day has dawned on the hills and the lakes.
The English are coming with promise of good,
To build them a home in the heart of the wood.
How nobly they labor, what trials they face,
As they steadily toil in their own chosen place,

Till loved ones are housed in a sheltering nest;
No birdlings so happy, go east or go west!
The sound of the axe and the hammer is heard,
While oft is exchanged the bantering word.
They mow down the fir-tree, the hemlock and pine;
The ship knees they fashion to sail o'er the brine.
From yon Pine Tree Point down into the bay,
They raft their huge logs at the break of the day;
Past the mouth of the river, the "Ox-bow" in view,
Straight down to the Narrows, the journey pursue.
Their voyage completed, returning with song,
They bring the wares of the merchants along.
In a short hundred years what a work they have done!
Nor in vain were their labors under the sun.
There were streams to compel to work out their will,
By planting beside them some busy mill.
There were lands to be cleared, and barns to be filled,
There were highways to make, and bridges to build;
And on "Zion's Hill" a house to be raised,
Where elders might preach, and God be praised;
A schoolhouse, too, they must put in its place,
And hire a master of wisdom and grace,
By line and by precept the truth to impart,
And educate rightly the mind and the heart.
And thus grew the town like a family tree,
All brothers and sisters of one pedigree.
The place seemed too narrow; away they would roam
To seek in new lands a more spacious home.
They carried the lessons of youth where they strayed,
And deep for success the foundation laid.
When up from the South came the war's dread alarm,
They sprang to the rescue, all ready to arm.
They fought like heroes, they died like saints,
Nor burdened the air with selfish complaints;
But they longed with feverish thirst where they fell,
To taste of the water from grandfather's well.
A remnant returning from prison and field,
Now live in our midst, our honor to shield.

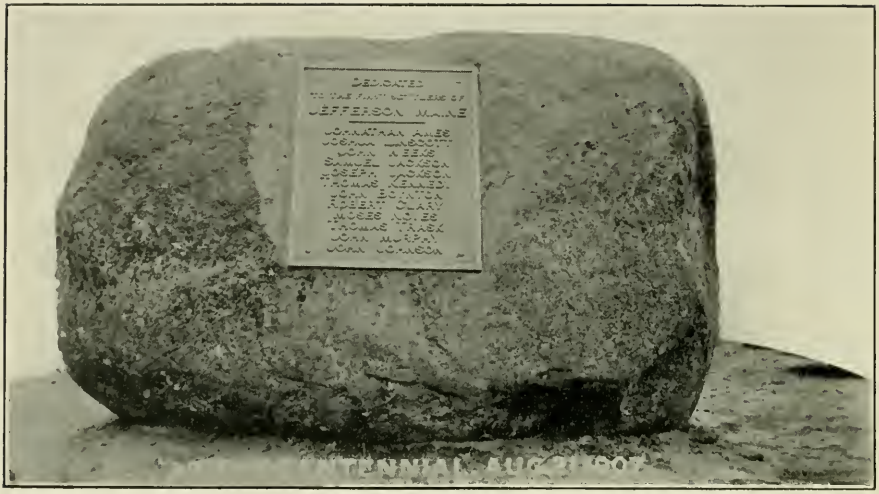
Ah! great is the heritage fallen to these,
The children to whom are given the keys
Of treasures hoarded through troublesome years,
And laid away carefully, often in tears!
A whole generation has left in our care
The riches thus gathered as legacies rare.
For us they labored with unceasing toil,
For us they tilled the unpromising soil;
For us they fought, for us they prayed,
And on our heads hands of blessing they laid.

Over yonder they lie:—the worn hands at rest,
The loving hearts still in the once sturdy breast.
Let us pause before all of the brave words are said,
To shed a fond tear o'er the graves of the dead.

Come now to the "mountain" and look o'er the vale,
Where nestle the homes on the hill, in the dale.
All round the horizon there stretch purple hills,
A rim for the vessel the crystal lake fills,
Like a sea of silver that glistens afar,
As it mirrors the image of sun or of star.
There glows no emerald green like the trees
That bask in this sunlight and sway in this breeze.
Over wide-spreading fields where'er the eyes roam,
Stretch the waves of the grass with daisies for foam.
No fields and no woods more peacefully lie,
While expands above all God's glorious sky.
Sweet Auburn's no sweeter than this lovely plain,
No village more fair by the brook or the lane.
Down there in those homes dwell the friends of our youth,
With hearts of pure gold, staunch lovers of truth.
There are dear little children with bright golden hair;
There are heads touched with silver by sorrow and care.
They mourn for the wanderers gone far away,
The light of their eyes, their comfort and stay.
Come back to these friends with their wide-open arms,
Come back to deserted old houses and farms.
What matters the world with its promise of gold?
It soon will forget you when you have grown old.
And you, the home-birds who've staid in the nest,
Remember the lessons you've learned were the best
From a father's wise head, a mother's kind heart.
Then bear in the future your own noble part
In the cares and the joys of your dear native town,
And be to its councils an honor and crown.

Ye children of Jefferson,
  Her heart's fond desire,
Still keep ever burning bright
  The old hearthstone fire.
The world tides flow in to you,
  World tides flow out;
Your lighthouse must drive away
  Darkness and doubt.

Then keep the lamps trimmed aright,
  Safe at home stay;
The light of this corner may
  Reach to Cathay.



THE MONUMENT

Some star in your sky may rise,
  Constant and bright,
Whose rays shall illuminate
  All the dark night.

Let peace and prosperity,
  Faith, hope, and love,
Forever abide with us,
  Lead us above.
May the God of our fathers send
  All blessings down,
And make thy land beautiful,
  Loved native town.

WINIFRED B. LADD.

MR. BATEMAN'S ADDRESS

The Chairman:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Again it is my pleasant duty this afternoon, to present to you Professor L. C. Bateman, who will charm you with his forensic Grecian oratory.

Mr. Bateman:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens of My Dear Old Home:—In this great audience none was more deeply touched than I by that song, so splendidly sung by the quartette:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
  When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
  And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
  The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
  And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
  The moss covered bucket, which hung in the well."

Every foot of this soil to me is sacred. It was here, in the long ago, that I ran among you a bare-footed boy. It was in yonder sacred edifice that I listened to the eloquence of dear old "Father" Tilley. It was under his ministrations that I learned my early Sabbath lessons, and it was he who pronounced the last solemn words over the cold clay of those I loved.

It is certainly a pleasure to come back here in your midst today. Strange faces are before me, although now and then I see one whose hair is tinged with gray who sat with me in the little red schoolhouse down below in the days of "auld lang syne."

It is a magnificent tribute that has been paid to your town of Jefferson today. When I first received the invitation to come here, I was thinking that I had no particular claim of ancestry in the town of Jefferson, as I came here when a small boy. A little later I reflected that I was a member of the Sons of the Revolution, and that the great-grandfather, whose papers I presented to that society in order to gain admittance, was a pioneer of the town of Jefferson.

I hold in my hand a letter that will interest you. I received it a few days ago from a cousin of mine, Miss Angie S. McLintock of the town of Winslow, and from it I will read a few extracts:

"I presume you are planning to attend the Centennial at Jefferson. I should be most happy to be there myself, but cannot promise myself the pleasure it would give. I have some papers of ancient date that belonged to my great-grandfather, James Robinson, he being one of the first settlers of the town, coming from the State of Massachusetts. He took up four hundred acres of land in what was then a wilderness, and built a log house for himself and his companions. The land he took bore the name of 'Robinson Ridge,' and goes by that name at the present time.

"My grandfather held several responsible offices in that town, viz.: that of coroner, of which the paper I send you proves my statement. He was also a soldier of the Revolution and a lieutenant in that army. I have a pass that was given him in the Revolutionary Army when he was sick. It was given under the direction of the regimental surgeon and by the order of Brigadier General Butler. This James Robinson was my great-grandfather on the maternal side, and his name I find in the list of the early settlers of Jefferson.

"I suppose I am too late for a report of a little paper I have in the form of a mortgage given my Grandfather Robinson when he made the pews of the First Baptist Church in Jefferson. The society was at that period rather small. My grandfather furnished the lumber and made the pews, and they gave him this security on them until he was paid for the lumber and labor. The names signed to this document are: Samuel Jackson, Deacon William Kennedy, James Robinson, Jr."

I have read only little extracts from this letter, but they will convince you that I have a claim to being a descendant of one of the old pioneers of Jefferson, and I assure you that it will be one of my proudest boasts in the future.

I know it is customary on occasions of this kind to deal only in words of eulogy and praise. I have sometimes thought that a pessimistic view should be thrown into the midst of the optimistic. It is well that we examine our horizons carefully to see if there are any dangers there. We are apt to hear nothing but the pleasant side, and none is more sensible of the fact than I that he who dares to speak the truth, even if it be an unpalatable one, is liable to call down criticisms upon his own head. I shall at once invoke criticism here today, but let me say to you in the beginning that he is not your best friend who simply points out your virtues; he is your best friend who tells you of your failings and your faults, in order that you may correct them and attain a higher order of manhood and womanhood. He is not the best friend of the storm-swept mariner who tells him that his sails are well set, that the wind is calm,

and that no danger lies in his pathway. Oh, no! He is the best friend of that mariner who tells him that the little speck of a black cloud on yonder horizon is liable to develop into a tornado that will send him and his vessel to destruction. He is the best friend who points out the ripple on yonder sea and tells him that just beneath the surface lies the coral reef.

It is well that we look at facts. It is well, also, that we heed the warnings and the teachings and the morals of history. Look at yonder monument and read the names of those old pioneers who settled this town when it was but a wilderness! Who were they, and what blood flowed through their veins? It was the same blood that flows through your veins and mine—the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutonic, the Celtic, and possibly the Scandinavian. It was that blood that built up this civilization. It was that blood that built yonder church. It was that blood that built the schoolhouse where you and I sat at the feet of teachers and learned our earliest lessons in the English language. It was that blood which built the civilization which made possible yonder grange hall. It was that blood which made possible all these things that we boast of here today, and to which allusion has been made by other speakers in such glowing words and with such forcible eloquence.

Are we to maintain that civilization? Are we to perpetuate the virtues of those fathers whose names have been held up here to reverence today? Think you that there is no storm-cloud on yonder horizon? Think you that this republic is destined to march firmly and proudly down the corridors of time, as has been told you here today?

The lessons of history lie before us. Other nations and other times have known a splendid civilization. Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Egypt, Greece—each and all have illumined the pages of history. We recall the fate of Rome, that sat on her seven hills and proudly ruled the world. We do not forget the immortal republics that once clustered around the shores of the classic Mediterranean. Each and all have passed through the same history. They arose, blazed forth their civilization for a brief period, and each in its turn perished beneath the whirling wheels of time.

And yet we are told that there is no danger on our political horizon! Let us see. In the last few years the tide of immigration has been completely reversed. I look before me today, and I see the flower of New England civilization; of that there can be no question. I am not given to flattery, and before my remarks are finished you will think, perhaps, it would have been wiser in me to have flattered more.

I again repeat, the flower of New England civilization sits before me. What will be the civilization that will sit before the speaker who talks from this same spot one hundred years hence? It is a very delicate subject, is it not? Your children, your grandchildren, your great-grandchildren—think you that they will be just as good as their ancestors of to-day? Think you they will have just as many virtues, as many noble traits of character and as many noble institutions of which to boast? Are you sure of it? Pardon me if I cast a doubt. Twenty-five years ago I used to lecture in the state of Rhode Island. I could go into any little country village and fill a hall to overflowing. I found those little factory villages made up of English-speaking people. I found them to be

intelligent Anglo-Saxons like myself. I found them ready and eager to patronize any decent entertainment that might come along.

I go down into the State of Rhode Island today, and I cannot make enough money by lecturing to pay my hotel bills. As I walk along the street I rarely hear the English language spoken. I hear a jargon and a babel of foreign tongues, and the highest idea that those creatures have of an entertainment is to take a rooster under each arm every Sunday morning, go out behind some country barn and have a brutal cock fight.

This is the class of men that is coming today to build up our civilization and maintain the honor of our Stars and Stripes. Think you that they will do it? I consider it to-day the greatest danger that confronts this nation. Unless some check can be placed upon this tide of immigration that is flowing to our shores from the degenerate races of the south of Europe, then the Anglo-Saxon civilization in the not distant future is doomed. It cannot exist as it is going on to-day. One million and a half members of these degenerate races are coming to this country every year from south of the Mediterranean. And who are they? They constitute the scum of earth and the dregs of hell.

We all know the influence of environment. Your children and grandchildren will be brought into contact with a lower order of civilization. Alexander Pope has told us in immortal verse the result of such contamination:

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
> That to be hated needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Go into any of our great manufacturing centers today and what do you find? You will find an army of proletariats growing up, more terrible and dangerous to the liberties of this country than were the hordes of northern barbarians who under their chieftain, Alaric, swept down from their wilderness upon the palaces and legions of imperial Rome. Crouched in those dens, vice and crime are today breeding all the dangers that our civilization abhors. It is there that the rum shop finds a stability that nothing can check; immorality an impulse no power can stay; crime a seed-bed that nothing can sterilize, and religion a barrier that nothing can level.

I have stood upon the palaces of the Cæsars, built more than two thousand years ago, and of such enduring materials as would seem destined to last as long as time itself. But yet, the roots of the tiny weeds that have grown around their bases have made them but a shapeless mass of ruins. As I stood alone at night, with the pale rays of the moon shimmering down through those grand old broken arches and vine-covered walls, I could only ask myself the question: "Where now is that noble race of men who once thronged those gorgeous but now silent and deserted halls? Where now are those invincible legions that once carried her proud eagles into every land? Where now are those mighty geniuses who gave laws to and swayed their sceptre o'er all the nations of the earth?" Oh, how degraded! Could the virtuous Cicero but look down from his abode in the heavens and see the Italian in his present

degraded condition, as he trudges from country to country with his organ upon his back and his monkey by his side, he could not forbear the exclamation: "How fallen, oh, my countrymen!"

Is there no danger from this tide of immigration sweeping across the broad Atlantic from the south of the Mediterranean? The student of history points the finger of caution to the future as he reverts to the disasters of the past. Let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls that our loved land of the free and the home of the brave can claim exemption from the fate that has befallen other nations. Without intelligence, virtue and patriotism to guide the actions of her people, no nation can ever hope to march steadily on the great highway of human progress. Let us be warned in time, for the day may come when repentance will be too late.

We have been told here this forenoon of the wonderful wealth that this nation has accumulated. We have had the figures shown to us of the enormous increase of material wealth. With these statements I have no quarrel to make. The fact of this material gain in worldly wealth is true beyond the shadow of a doubt. But allow me to ask who is gaining that wealth. England is a wealthy nation, possibly more wealthy even than our own. But who owns the wealth of England? Twenty thousand men own those enormous accumulations, while thirty million Englishmen are shivering on the ragged edge of pauperism. Go with me to the magnificent city of Edinburgh, and from there we will sweep down to the city of London, a distance of four hundred miles.

It is a magnificent country through which we pass. As the train rolls along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, we catch the occasional glimpse of a magnificent marble palace embowered in groves of old English oak, and filled with wild game of every sort. Turn your gaze in another direction, and down in the little sequestered valley you will find a small hamlet of thatched roof cottages. Humble indeed are they, and all the signs of poverty are there. It is in these cottages where dwell the humble peasants who till yon lordly owner's soil.

Go with me to the city of London and visit Westminster Abbey—the mausoleum where sleep the honored dead of England. We pass down long aisles of marble monuments erected to rotten and forgotten kings, and then we reach that sacred spot known as "The Poets' Corner." A simple marble slab marks the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, one of the noblest of England's bards. And then we remember these immortal lines from his "Deserted Village":

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Yes, England is a wealthy country. For a thousand years, since the reign of Alfred the Great, she has been working out that system which has resulted in the present order of things. In this country we are treading in exactly the same pathway. We are marching along that

road with vastly greater rapidity. It will not take the same length of time with us that it has in our mother country beyond the sea to work out precisely the same results. Already the rumblings of that condition of affairs, coming from a discontented people, can be heard on every hand. Yes, we have great wealth in this country. The figures given us by the distinguished gentleman this forenoon are only too true. Pardon me if I now make an application: It has been shown you that wealth is increasing with tremendous rapidity in this country. As an offset to that, I have shown you that we are being deluged by a degenerate population from foreign shores.

Now I am coming home to you. In 1850 the town of Jefferson had a population of 2,225 people. They were just such men and women as I see before me today. At this moment you have less than 1,100 people in this town. One-half of your population has disappeared. The last census proves that statement. What has become of your population? I will leave it to others to investigate the cause.

What is true of the town of Jefferson is true of almost every rural town in the State of Maine today. Only a few weeks ago I made a trip to a town adjoining the city of Lewiston. With me was an old gentleman whose boyhood days were passed in that place. As we drove along the streets I saw house after house wrecked and gone to ruin. I saw cellars grown up with bushes and moss clinging to the ruins. I noted that the spot once pressed by the feet of happy childhood was now the habitat of the bat and the owl. My friend pointed to these places, and occasionally remarked that when he was a boy, more than sixty years before, those places were productive farms that bloomed like the rose. Great herds of lowing cattle were in the pastures, and large families of children were in the homes. Wild weeds are now growing on the walls, and the wild beast licks her cubs where once were the busy haunts of men.

This is the condition that exists in many of our country towns all over the State of Maine today. In the far West the change is going on as fast as it is with us.

In my hand I hold an editorial cut from the Boston Post of a week ago last Saturday. Let me read it to you:

"The murderous row among Chinese inhabitants of Boston compels attention to the conditions under which alien immigrants from other countries settle here. From the earliest times of this republic, the United States has been held to be the refuge of the oppressed of all nations. Here they were asked to come and enjoy the rights of manhood and of liberty.

"But they were not asked to bring here the political or factional antagonisms of the land which they may have left, and especially were they expected to put away anything that should militate against their acceptance of the absolute equality and mutual helpfulness which is the foundation of this republic.

"This privilege has been abused. The United States has been made the basis of anarchistic combinations whose murderous undertakings have shamed humanity. The mafia has been imported here from Italy. The camorra and the "black hand" have festered here. The Armenian political guild of murder has slain American citizens and threatened others.

"The situation is intolerable. We, here in America, want none of these insanities of the degenerate east. They are exotic, inconceivable, abominable beyond expression. We must wipe out the "tongs," the "high-binders," the "Hunchagists," all the abomination of alien nomenclature, and clean up America."

This editorial says, "Clean up America!" In other words, we must close the stable and lock it up after the horse has been stolen. The editor did not tell us how we are going to clean that stable up. Unfortunately for us, those foreign outcasts have all got votes.

Who owns the labor-saving machinery? The great trusts and the great moneyed corporations. They it is who say: "You must not stop these foreign immigrants from the south of Europe from coming here. We want their cheap labor that we can all of us become Rockefellers and Morgans. You politicians can have their votes, and we millionaires will take their cheap labor and become billionaires."

There you have the secret of the whole matter. It is an incontrovertible truth that I am telling you, and we are all fools enough to let them do it.

Is there no danger confronting the American republic, and is there no obstacle in our pathway to a higher civilization? Never were such difficulties looming up as are now looming up before the people of this country today. Whether we can stop this is now problematical. Personally, I fear that the time has gone by when the American republic can be saved, simply because year by year this people is growing less. One-half in the town of Jefferson that you had in 1850, and the Italians, the Hungarians, the Armenians, the Bulgarians, the Greeks, the Poles and a score of other degenerate races are sending in their immigrants at the rate of a million and a half a year! They are bringing their own customs, a hatred of political institutions, a knowledge of nothing but to kill, to break down and to destroy; and then you tell me that there is no danger, and that everything is clear sailing before our ship of state!

The Latin poet Virgil has drawn a vivid picture of one of the scenes which hastened the downfall of ancient Troy. The noble Trojan priest, Laocoon, had denounced the infatuation of his countrymen when they determined to receive into the city the monstrous wooden horse filled with living Greeks. He tried by every means within his power to arouse them to a sense of their peril, and at last, in despair, hurled his own spear against the hollow fraud. But fearing that his passionate appeals might prove effective, the Grecians sent two snakes across the sea from Tenedos, whose crest dripping blood and quivering fangs licked their hissing mouths.

They made their way at once into the city to the home of the Trojan priest and his sons, wound themselves in hideous festoons around their limbs and bound them in a group of agony which classic sculpture has rendered immortal. The enormous serpents crushed and choked their helpless victims and raised their poisonous fangs above the brow of the patriotic priest. Thus the wooden horse was admitted into the city, and that night Troy was sacked and laid in flames.

The wooden horse of classic history is today represented by this terrible immigration which is pouring in to overwhelm the Anglo-Saxon civilization. Laocoon is still pleading with his countrymen today; his

voice echoes and re-echoes from the green hillsides of Maine to the land of the orange and the cane. The serpents have again been sent forth, not from Tenedos, as of old, but from the gilded offices of the millionaires and trust-builders of our land to stifle down his warning, dying cries. With you—the bone and sinew, the brawn and muscle, the intelligence, the patriotism, the true nobility of this land—it remains whether the fate of modern America shall be the same as that of ancient Troy.

And now to those noble pioneers whose memory we are here to celebrate and to reverence today, we bring the tribute of our gratitude and love, and lay the laurel wreath of our appreciation upon their lowly graves. Though no bronze or marble monuments may ever rise above the heads of the immortal sleepers, let us fancy in our imagination that angel hands bedeck their graves with sweetest wildwood flowers, and that the chorus of nature shall ever make ceaseless music above their pulseless breasts.

One moment we will be optimistic. The star spangled banner still waves; American blood and American patriotism still course through the veins of every loyal citizen from Maine to California, and from Oregon to the Atlantic Ocean. As long as those citizens and their descendants shall remain, this republic will not, shall not, perish from the earth.

THE ORATION

The Chairman:

It is my final duty to present to you the orator of the day, the Rev. Nelson S. Burbank, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Revere, Mass.

Mr. Burbank:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—You have heard good things enough in the last three or four hours to last you a century. If you are weary, I should like to give you this word of encouragement and sympathy: It will be a long time before you are invited to assist at a second Centennial of the town of Jefferson.

I am reminded of a story I read a few days ago about a young couple recently married. The wife kept the pocketbook, and the record of how the money was expended. One day the good husband thought he would like to look over the record. He found many entries in the book, dry goods, groceries, and so on. Every now and then there was an entry marked "G. K. W." He was anxious to know who "G. K. W." might be, and so he said to his wife:

"Who is this 'G. K. W.' that I find here in your accounts?"

"Oh," she said, "it is this way: I tried to think of everything that I had purchased, and to make an entry, but I found every week that there was a failure on my part to make the accounts balance, so I put it in, 'G. K. W.,' Goodness knows what!"

There has been so much said today from this platform, and so well said, that I hardly know what there is for me to add. I think, however, that I ought to follow pretty closely what I had prepared to say, for if

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

I talk away from it I am sure I shall commit what would be the unpardonable sin of detaining you too long.

I want to say that I am very glad to be here to enjoy with you this most delightful and interesting occasion. The years of my life have been blessed and brightened by the memories of my childhood, by the memories of those friends who years ago extended to me the helping hand and who gave to me the encouraging word. Although my voting residence has been for a long time in a different State from this, I feel very much like one of the family today, as we engage in this splendid season of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

There are many silent voices that speak to us as we journey on in the pathway of life. Sometimes the voices bring a message of joy and gladness, and sometimes a doleful tale of remorse and woe they tell. Sometimes these silent voices inspire our hearts with new-born hopes and lead us on to heights not yet attained, and sometimes like a dark mantle of sorrow they almost shut out the sunlight of the soul.

There is friendship's voice. It is always sweet, and to it we listen with a great deal of satisfaction and delight. It soothes our troubled spirits and drives our cares away. There is the voice of nature, and it speaks to us from every bursting bud and every blooming flower, from every running stream and every surging sea. Then there is the voice of conscience—a voice from within, which is supposed to be like a mariner's needle, a true and trusty indicator of the course we can safely follow. It is not, however, the voice of friendship, nature or conscience that we hear most distinctly at this hour. It is the past that speaks to the present with peculiar emphasis and power as we meet and mingle in this Centennial Celebration. It is our duty as well as our privilege to recall in pleasant reminiscences the days of old. None of us want to be forgotten. Down deep in the human heart there is a longing for an immortality here as well as for an immortality in the great hereafter. To think it possible to be dropped from the memory of our friends and kindred when we are gone would indeed be a painful thought, and one that would disturb the peace and happiness of the passing years.

" 'Tis sweet to be remembered."

Joseph was dying down in Egypt. After a sad and serious separation lasting a long time the broken family ties were reunited, and now he requests that his bones be carried back to Canaan. This request was made because he could not endure the thought of being forgotten. The mighty Napoleon, whose military movements had shaken and shattered many of the old world nations, was breathing his last on a lonely island in a far-away sea. As a final favor he asked that his body might be buried in the Paris he loved because he, too, could not bear to be forgotten. Twenty years later his dust was unearthed at St. Helena, conveyed to the capital city of the French republic and there deposited in a magnificent mausoleum.

The greatest man in all history—the God-man, instituted a last supper where He took bread to represent His body and poured out wine to represent His blood; and this, He said to His disciples, you are to continue to do, and whenever and wherever it is observed it is to be done in remembrance of Me. It is the Master's memorial.

It is, therefore, to honor the fathers and to perpetuate the memory of their achievements that we engage in these exercises. And not only this, but also to express in a fitting manner our appreciation of the blessings they have bestowed upon us. Yesterday left a legacy for today. Every generation makes a bequest to the generation that follows. God's great universe is built on the basis of co-operative benevolence. In every department it abounds in gratuitous giving. The rocks dissolve, disorganize and give themselves to the soil. The soil in its life-producing properties gives itself to the plant. The plant as a means of sustenance gives itself to the animal. The animal as meat or a beast of burden gives itself to man, and man, in turn, gives himself to his Maker in the secular and spiritual service he renders to others. The brook from the mountain side runs down through the valleys into the river. The river runs into the sea. The sea gives up itself in the form of mists. The mists make the clouds, and the clouds pour out their contents freely upon the face of the earth. The sun gives its beautiful beams of light to bless the world. The birds give their songs to make us happy and hopeful.

The history of civilization is in harmony with this divine decree, which we discover not only in the sacred Scriptures, but also in the movements of the material realm. Incidentally, I shall enumerate some of the treasures with which the world was enriched during the eventful days of the nineteenth century, but I would have you bear in mind that the purpose of this address is to bring from the past to the present two or three brief messages. The century we cover today in measuring the life of this municipality is by its inventions and discoveries telling us with no uncertain sound that mind is mightier than muscle, and that the conquests of thought are greater than the conquests of military weapons.

In political revolutions, in moral reformations and in social transformations it is so. Stephenson, the inventor, put to a personal friend the question: "What makes the locomotive go?" The ready response was, "Steam, of course." "No," said he, "it's the sun—first in the plant, then in the coal field and now in the steam." Surely he was following the stream to its source. He was getting at the first cause, but even Stephenson himself did not go back far enough. It is thought that moves every piece of machinery and makes every locomotive go. The sun held its throne at the center of the solar system long ages before the steam horse went rushing along the rails. It was not until after the thinking mind had met and mastered many problems that the locomotive appeared as a mighty factor in the world's civilization and commerce.

While hurriedly turning the pages of a well-known and widely read book the other day, I came across a quotation from one of the famous addresses of that silvery-tongued orator, Edward Everett. After describing somewhat at length the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620; after speaking of the weariness that came in consequence of a five months' voyage on a stormy sea; after referring to the difficulties they encountered in the new world, and the dangers to which they were exposed, he said:

"Close now the volume of history and tell me on any principle of human probability what shall be the fate of this handful of bold and

daring adventurers. Tell me, O man of military science, in how many months will they be swept from the face of the earth by the wild and savage tribes that wandered through the forests of New England? Where among the settlements of the past can you find a parallel case?"

And then, after a fine and effective rhetorical pause this great statesman went on to show how wonderfully in opposition to all human-probability, and contrary to all scientific and historic calculations, this enterprise has yielded the greatest and grandest results. In 1620 the American Republic was only a dream and a desire, a purpose and a prayer; but now, in less than three hundred years, the Stars and Stripes have gone almost half way around the circumference of the globe.

The founders and fathers of this good old town of Jefferson, even though they may have been gifted with a prophetic instinct and inspired with visionary hopes, had no conception of the changes that have come in a single century. It has been an epoch of history making, an era of intellectual movements. The musket is giving way to the microscope. The mind has made long strides in the struggle for the supremacy over matter. The man of blood has surrendered to the man of brains. Many of these years that we recall today have been pre-eminently scientific in their activities and achievements, and in this fact lies the secret of their power and progress. We do not deny the claim so often made that no structures excel in massiveness the Egyptian Pyramids or in grandeur the rock temples of India. We quite agree with the sentiment of the admirers of antiquity when they say that the obelisks of the Nile are still sought to ornament the capital cities of Christendom, and that the very fragments of the Parthenon are still treasured as specimens of a splendid architecture that has not been surpassed. We know that the sculptures of Phidias set a high standard for modern art, and that Homer's great epic is everywhere recognized as a masterpiece in poetry. In oratory, statesmanship and military movements the age of Pericles attracts our attention and awakens our admiration.

But of greater things than these do we boast. In surgery we have made such rapid advances that the surgeon of fifty years ago if he were living now and held to the old methods would not be allowed to teach a class of beginners or perform a simple operation. By the discovery and use of ether this department of medical science has been revolutionized until now it is possible to use the scalpel without inflicting pain. When we think of the blessings that in this way have come to humanity we are not surprised that the first etherized sponge used by Dr. Morton is still kept as a precious trophy by the Massachusetts General Hospital. By improving and enlarging the telescope we have come to see as never before the sublimity of that Scripture which says: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." About two centuries before the birth of our Lord, Hipparchus turned his eyes toward the sky and tried to count the stars. He thought he was successful in the undertaking, for he said there were just exactly 1120. A little later Ptolemy counted over after him, and he made 1122. A step farther along in the pathway of time, and the number was finally fixed at 1160. When Galileo by means of a marvellous invention explored the regions that stretch beyond the reach of our natural vision he declared

that there are more than four hundred millions of these evening lights that unite in driving away the darkness of the night time. But the telescope of today informs us that the stars are countless, as countless as the sands on the shore.

We have harnessed electricity to our chariots of travel and wheels of manufacturing industries until now it has come to be recognized as one of our most useful servants. In the electric battery a large number of important inventions center. The plaything of Franklin has become one of the most powerful agencies in the business world. Baltimore and Washington were connected by wire. The success of the experiment showed conclusively that long distances could be easily overcome by this new method of communication.

Within a few decades there was talk about a trans-Atlantic system of telegraphy. After repeated discouragements and failures a cable crossed the deep at a distance of 2,500 miles, and now there are fourteen of these lines that bridge the Atlantic and make it possible to send messages at a speed that surpasses the swiftness of Shakespeare's Ariel, who boasted that he could "put a girdle round about the globe in forty minutes." In trying to improve the telegraph the telephone was invented. Since 1876 more than a million telephones have been installed in the homes and offices and work-shops of this country alone. It is said that one dollar invested in the Bell Telephone stock when that stock was first placed on the market would have yielded profits enough in twenty-five years to make the investor wealthy. The transforming touch of thought is everywhere felt. The old is giving way to the new, and the past is yielding to the present in the struggle for the survival of the fittest.

Within the memory of many of us the grain fields of the West were harvested by a scythe with a cradle attachment moved by the muscular arm of the mower. There was the cutting process, the binding into bundles, the hauling into barns and then the threshing. But now the up-to-date reaper does nearly all the work at a single stroke. The driver mounts the machine, seizes the reins, drives the horses, and the wheat is cut and threshed and left in sacks on the ground as they rapidly move along. Nothing escapes the searchlight of modern science. Some one has said that even the pebble by the roadside is made to reveal its secrets. Chemistry records its compounds; physics takes note of its weight and color; geology tells the story of its travel, and mineralogy does the work of dissecting and discovers its anatomy. The natural products of the soil are turned from their ordinary tendencies by the touch of science so that we have the white blackberry and the seedless apple, the apple that is sour on one side and sweet on the other. And now they are experimenting, we understand, with the milkweed and the strawberry, hoping to graft one to the other, and thus get strawberries and cream from the same plant.

What does it all mean? Let me give you the summary of a magazine article on this subject. "It means that the average American mechanic of today is better circumstanced than was the king of a century ago. He has more safeguards and protection against disease and death. It means that the mechanic of today, in comparison with the monarch of one hundred years ago, lives on the earth more like an angel and less like an ape. He has a broader mind, a more liberal education and a

knowledge of the universe more exact and extensive. He will live longer, and he ought to live better."

"Take from me," says the past to the present, "another message. It is this: Struggle is the stepping-stone to success." It is the law of life, for through it comes growth and development, and whenever and wherever it ceases degeneration begins, and the signs of death and decay at once appear. Some of the nations that led the world's activities three thousand years ago have become extinct. Where are Babylon, Greece and Rome? They have gone out of existence because they were unwilling to make the struggle necessary to keep in step with the onward march of progress. All that we have in our Christian civilization that is worth keeping has been purchased at the price of a struggle. Every thread in the garments we wear; every article of food on the table from which we eat; every good book that feeds the mind and quickens the soul and every moral movement that drives back the night of evil and ushers in the morn of a brighter and better day represents a struggle. Go into a dark room and turn a button and behold the blazing electric light; sit down in a farmhouse on a winter's evening and listen to the phonograph as it reproduces the concert program given in a large city months ago; visit a laboratory at Orange, New Jersey, and there examine an instrument that investigates the heat of the sun's corona and gives valuable information concerning the temperature of the stars. Get on board that express train that beat the world's record the other day by making a mile in less than thirty seconds. Wonderful is the word that describes these inventions—wonderful in the joys they afford, in the privileges they make possible, in the opportunities they offer. But more wonderful than the inventions themselves, I believe, has been the spirit of sacrifice that has been manifested on the part of the inventors. Think of Edison and others shutting themselves up from the outer world, refusing to mingle in society and robbing themselves of the common comforts of life in order that they might concentrate all their energies and powers on their work! Think of these things, and you get some idea of what it means to be a leader in the onward march of events. We boast of our citizenship in this country, and well we may, for it has been purchased with coins of the same currency. Our forefathers labored long and hard in order that the doors of free institutions might be open to us. Luck has a large place in the philosophy of the foolish, but every wise person knows that things can only be brought to pass by those who are willing to sacrifice and suffer. Newton saw an apple fall. It was no unusual sight, for apples had been falling in exactly the same way ever since Adam and Eve partook of the forbidden fruit, but it suggested to him the principle that brings together and binds together particles of matter. It has sometimes been called an accidental discovery, but there was nothing accidental about it. It was the victorious hour in a great struggle—a struggle to find the fundamental law of the universe, the law of gravitation.

Persecutions have not been restricted to the religious realm. When coal first began to be used for fuel there was an awful cry that came from the common people. A petition was presented to the king to prohibit its use on the ground that it was a nuisance. Finally Edward the Second heard the petitioners, and the decree went forth. The transgressor was to be punished for the first offense by the payment of a certain sum of money, but for the second offense the stove in which it was

burned was to be broken into pieces. The stocking loom met a similar fate. The Frenchman who invented it was anxious to have the patronage of the king, and so a fine pair of hose was sent to Louis the Fourteenth, but the unworthy servant by whom they were sent cut a few threads so they would easily ravel, and in this way succeeded in prejudicing the mind of the king. Think of the charges brought against the first locomotive! It was said that the sparks coming from the smoke-stack would set the train on fire; that it would drive all the game from the woods through which it passed; that through the facilities for transportation it would destroy the market for hay and grain, seriously affecting the prospects of the farmer and all the country communities. But the spirit of struggle has been greater than the opposition along these lines. It is the spirit of struggle that bridges over rivers of difficulty, that leaps over walls of prejudice and climbs the hills of hardship. If at first it does not succeed it is willing to try again, for the spirit of struggle has within itself the pledge and promise of coming victory.

Another important message that comes to us from the past is that friendly and fraternal co-operation is better than sharp and selfish competition. I never take a drive through the country or pass a day by the sea without being impressed by the fact that God, the Creator, made many things in the material realm to stand together and to be mutually related. This was His plan, this was His purpose, and this is His programme. The birds that merrily wing the air and blend their voices in harmonious song are in flocks; the cattle that graze upon the hillsides are never quite contented unless in herds; the fish that swim so gracefully through the waters of the deep are in schools; the busy little bees that sip the honey from the flowers are in swarms; the trees, from the gigantic oak and lofty pine down to the stunted shrub and creeping vine, flourish best in forests where limb touches limb and each leans upon the other for support and protection; the mighty mountains, lifting up their peaks toward the sky, and measuring out to us in divine wisdom the sunshine and the storm, are welded together in chains. Leaving this larger laboratory, where the Almighty unceasingly toils, and entering the more humble work-shop of man, we find that the same principle prevails. There must be friendly co-operation, or there can be no success. One wheel turns another. The spindle feeds the loom, and the loom supplies the clothing departments in the commercial world. It is a surprising statement when I say that there have been more important inventions and discoveries since 1807 than in all the preceding pages of the world's history. Do you doubt it? Then go over the list and by a careful mathematical computation and comparison you will find that previous to that date there were but few chapters in the book of mechanical marvels and miracles. How do we explain this fact? There must be some reason. We ought to be able to give an explanation. To say that this particular period has produced a race of intellectual prodigies who have easily out-distanced all that went before them might satisfy the boastful braggart, but it will not satisfy the minds of those who are disposed to be more fair in their comparisons. Yet it is so, and the reason, I believe, is to be found very largely in the fact that we have come to realize in these last years a better feeling of brotherhood. The inventor and mechanic have come together.

They did work separately so far as possible, but little was accomplished, and little could be accomplished.

There was a time when the discoverer hid his findings by writing the description in some unknown tongue and then concealing it in the archives of some historic collection. Let us believe that that time is forever past, and now the widest publicity is given to all these things. The inventive mind is kept active and alert, and one improves and enlarges upon the work of another. The principle of wireless telegraphy is so fully explained in our magazines and publications that I know of a high school boy who has constructed a system of his own, and has sent and received messages over a long distance.

We must not be content with the backward look. We must have a forward look. The Golden Age of the poet is in the past, but the Golden Age of the prophet is in the future. I hope you have not received the impression from anything I have said, or that others have said today, that the past is a synonym for perfection and purity. If you get that idea from my remarks, you certainly have missed a point in my message. We hear quite a good deal about "the good old times," when the church was faultless, and men were honest and political parties were uncorrupted by the greedy grafter. But when were those good old times? I have an idea that this has been a current expression with all the generations along the world's history. We think, perhaps, of the ministers of the gospel coming within our acquaintance who have proved false to their charge, disgraced their high calling and brought divisions and strife into the church of Christ. We sigh for "the good old times," when there was less hypocrisy in the church and more sincerity among religious leaders. Do we refer to the days of the Apostles? Judas, we are told in a very good book, sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. That was one in twelve, and I am sure we are making a better record than that. We lament the lack of unity among the laborers in our Lord's vineyard, and wonder why good people cannot agree in their methods. You may attend a gathering of farmers and hear them discuss the best methods of raising potatoes. I will guarantee that there will be as many theories advanced as there are potatoes in a bushel measure. We turn back the pages of history to find those good old times when good people were in perfect agreement, and we find Paul and Barnabas falling out at Antioch. We keep turning the pages until away back in the Bible book of beginnings there were Abram and Lot in a disagreement which resulted in a division of the flocks and a separation of the families. When were those good old times, when politics were without graft, and when men were always sincere and unselfish? There have been good times in the past, there are good times in the present, and we may make the future even better than the past has been.

When Dr. Seguin was in attendance on the Educational Exhibit at Vienna, several years ago, he said that from the toys placed there for inspection it would be easy to infer the history of the countries from which they came. For instance, the pewter soldiers were from France, and France produced a mighty Napoleon. The most fashionably dressed dolls were also from France, to remind one of the society women of Paris. The doll houses, that were large, with different apartments, very tastily arranged, were from Germany, and were suggestive of the home-loving instincts of the Germans. The sheep and the cattle and the goats

were from Switzerland, and told of the Swiss peasant life. After wandering about for a time in the midst of this exhibit the doctor said to the lady attendant, "Where shall I find the American toys?" With a flourish of her hand, she pointed to the trunks and valises and said, "There are the American toys." I believe it was Emerson who said that every American is restless unless he is on the move, and every now and then says, "Is it not time to pack up and go somewhere?"

I am impressed with the fact as I have listened to these exercises today that Jefferson, this good old town, so true to her friends, has not been sending out into the world toys, but men and women, many of whom, I believe, have honored the principles so faithfully laid down by the fathers of this township. We look back with a great deal of thankfulness, of gratitude, to those noble men of God who planted here the church and the school and all civic and religious institutions, and I believe that their sons and daughters who have followed on after them have heeded well the lessons they taught, and have built securely a superstructure upon these foundations.

Possibly the young men here may get an impression that everything that is worth doing has been done, that we only have now to hold with a firm grip the heritage of the fathers. Not so! If I had the ears of the thirteen millions of the young men of this land today, I would say to them, "Not so! The future will expect of you greater things than the past has produced. Yes, greater things, along higher and better lines."

"For the grandest times are before us,
And the world is yet to see
The noblest work of this old world
In the men that are to be."

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FINANCIAL REPORT

OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

RECEIPTS

March, 1907, Appropriated by the Town, at the Annual Meeting	$300.00
July 1, L. H. Clary, gift	100.00
July 1, Leslie Boynton, gift	100.00
Aug. 10, Dr. John L. Ames, gift	3.00
Aug. 19, Mrs. Clara Avery, gift	20.00
Aug. 19, Dr. F. W. Jackson and wife, gift	100.00
Aug. 23, Horace Hall, gift	3.00
Oct. 28, Walter Trask, Esq., gift	10.00
Total	$636.00

EXPENDITURES

Aug. 19, Printing 1,000 Programmes	$ 20.00
Aug. 23, O. J. Weeks, for cutting Boulder for the Tablet	4.00
" Waterville Band	53.80
" Chas. Achorn, transporting band between Cooper's Mills and Jefferson	21.00
" New England Decorating Co., of Boston, for use of bunting and flags	8.00
" Boston Regalia Co., for badges	5.00
" Bay State Brass Foundry, for bronze tablet	60.00
" Masters & Wells Fireworks Co., for fireworks	200.00
" Geo. Hoffses, for sheeting and supplies	3.65
Aug. 28, W. W. & F. R. R. for special train for the band from Waterville, and return	33.60
Aug. 29, Herbert Clark, for South Jefferson Band	30.00
" Willow Grange, for dinners for guests	16.75
Aug. 31, Police duty, Fred Ames, Forest Flagg, Edson Achorn, Wilber Tibbetts, Lervey Castle, A. R. Hall, Amos Fish, Elmer Walton, Everett Weeks, nine officers at $2 each	18.00
Sept. 20, Forest Bond and J. Y. Meserve, for expenses of the Parade	25.00

Sept. 20, J. Y. Meserve, for rent of plank in constructing seats, and returning the same to mill, and for breakage of 33 board feet	$7.68
Nov. 19, Paid carfare used in engaging Waterville Band	3.00
Dec. 31, Vannah, Chute & Co., for one barrel cement, for foundation of the monument	1.95
" Eben Trask, for 150 feet of lumber spoiled out of 2,000 feet loaned for making the speakers' stand, band stand, and frames for the fireworks	3.00
" John B. Rafter, for the services of four deputy sheriffs	8.00
" Balance reserved for printing the book	113.57
Total	$636.00

LESLIE BOYNTON,

Treasurer of the Executive Committee.

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David S. Trask
Johnathan Jones
Jonathan Trask
John Johnson
James Reeves
Thomas Weeks
William Hopkins
Abiathar Richardson
Joseph Weeks
Peter Dow
James Robinson
Henry Bond
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Samuel Waters
John Polley
Joseph Berry
Richard Powers
John Hennesey
John Taylor
Hezekiah Ripley
Moses Rodgers
William Ford
John Patrick
Isaac Hilton
John Catlin
Timothy Ferring
Samuel Averill
David Boynton
David Gillman
Robert Clary
Thomas Hilton
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